

THE

DECEMBER, 1928

METHODIST MAGAZINE

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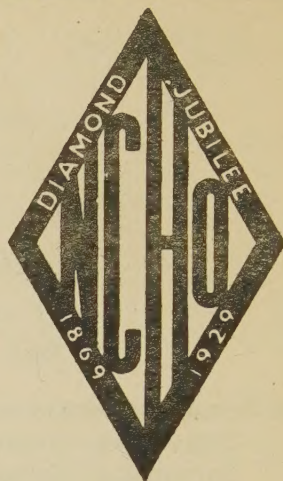
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Yours sincerely.
Henry Bett

The Methodist Magazine

BEGUN BY JOHN WESLEY IN 1778

Volume 151

December, 1928

Our December Number

By THE EDITOR

Another Christmas.

CHRISTMAS never falls upon the world. Fathers and mothers grow young again; children enter into their kingdom of love and good-will. All this we owe to Christ. This is what He has made of the world, and this spirit is what He seeks to breathe into every day of the year. So far as kindness goes each day is to be a Christmas and the business of every Christian is to embody that spirit and secure its triumph. Canon Aigner puts it in a hymn that we hope soon to see in use in Methodist churches:

What can we do to work God's work, to prosper and increase
The brotherhood of all mankind, the reign of the Prince of Peace?
What can we do to hasten the time, the time that shall surely be,
When the earth shall be filled with the glory of God as the waters
cover the sea?

Happy are they who make life march to that music!

1928.

Friends of this Magazine assure us that 'they enjoy its perusal more than that of any they take and consider it the cheapest upon the market.' Its portraits make us familiar with our ministers and laymen and other generations will not be less proud of them than we are of the veterans who look out upon us from these pages a hundred and fifty years ago. It is a bright succession, and Mr. Wray makes it vocal by his 'Voices of the Past.'

We have been able month by month to sit at the feet of Dr. Maldwyn Hughes learning what 'Christian Discipleship' may become. Leslie Weatherhead strikes a new vein and one that the Church will learn to work more carefully on behalf of timid and anxious spirits. We have found real pleasure in Mrs. Kernahan's 'Tales of our Village'; in the outlook from 'A Manse Window'; the practical little messages of Gabrielle Garth; and Mr. Lightwood's bursts of music. What a single psalm has accomplished in building up heroes, Mr. Farnsworth has brought out; and Irish life in cloudy days has been lighted

up by Mr. Horan's sketches. The Book of the Month aims to keep readers in touch with some masterpieces of the day.

Our Programme for 1929.

Miss Gwynne has written a series of linked stories which deal with London life as experienced under a doctor's roof. They are pictures that stir one's sympathy and point the way to happy ministries for others. We are to welcome one of our younger experts, Dr. Vincent Taylor, who will write on the origin and features of the Four Gospels in a way that will add joy to the devotional hour and furnish material for research to students. A special feature will be the history of 'God's V.C.' by a new contributor. It is a true record of a lad who rose from misery and crime to sainthood and sacrifice—a story that brings out the best and the worst of human nature. The Vicar of St. Martin's in the Fields will describe the work begun by Mr. Sheppard and so happily maintained under his own rule. That article will be an outlook on life in the Church of England which is a joy to all who know what St. Martin's is doing to uplift the life of all classes.

Our Appeal.

The Magazine has not yet penetrated into all the Methodist homes that we hope will welcome it. Its circulation might easily be doubled if our friends would get it access to new quarters, and any suggestions towards that end, addressed to the Rev. Edgar C. Barton (25-35 City Road, London, E.C.1.), will be welcomed.

Mr. Walpole's Religious Experience.

The series of 'Affirmations' which Mr. Benn is publishing is enriched by Hugh Walpole's account of his 'Religious Experiences.' He unbare his heart in a delightful fashion showing his thoughts on God and religion as a child, as a youth in a cathedral city, at Cambridge, and in the Liverpool Mission for Seamen, where 'there arose out of the dark troubled waters of the Mersey, a new God, a God mysterious, deeply wise, far beyond any kind of estimate that my ignorant personality could form, a God who was both kindly and terrible, a power in short about whose personality or kingdom any kind of dogma was impossible, but a God, too, who was, it seemed, most easily to be discovered in the simplest places, the simplest acts, the simplest human beings.' Henceforth the most absorbing purpose of life was to achieve some kind of contact with Him. One incident during the Russian retreat of 1915 made a deep impression on him. He came into close contact with death and felt as Blake said, that it was no more than passing from one room to another.

He returned quite freshly to the life and character of Christ. The consciousness of an inner spiritual life, and increasing sympathy and comradeship with all people who were also conscious of it, entered into a new phase with the death of his mother. He has never had any knowledge of Spiritualism, but during the two years since her death he has never been for any length of time unconscious of his contact with her. 'Again and again I have been pulled up in something that I was about to do, in some conversation, some work, some pleasure, and I have been led quite definitely in another direction; my life has been infinitely happier and richer since her death.' It is a means of grace to read such a testimony.

Noted American Methodists.

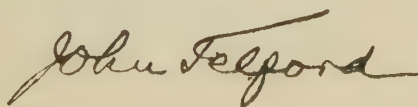
The Rev. Dr. Nutter, the eminent Methodist hymnologist of America, died on August 2. His *Hymn Studies*, published in 1884 was based on the Hymnal of 1878 and created great interest in hymnody. He was a member of the Commission that prepared the Hymnal now in use, in both the Methodist Episcopal churches and was co-editor with Dr. Tillett of the Annotated edition which appeared in 1911. In 1913 he was made lecturer on 'Hymnology and Church Music,' in Boston University School of Theology and gave it his hymnic library of more than a thousand volumes. He was Hon. Librarian of the New England Methodist Historical Society from 1915 up to his death.

Two days later another distinguished American minister died in West Newton. Dr. H. C. Sheldon became Professor of Theology in Boston University in 1875 and retired in 1921. He was a great teacher, and his books on theology have had far-reaching influence.

Dr. Joseph Gray succeeds Dr. Lynn Hough at Central Church, Detroit, which is one of the great Methodist centres of America. For twelve years Dr. Hough has made the pulpit a light and a force in the city and now that he becomes pastor of the American Church in Montreal, it is fortunate that so powerful a preacher and leader as Dr. Gray steps into the commanding position.

Henry Bett, M.A.

Our frontispiece will remind many of the debt Methodism owes to the Tutor in Pastoral Theology, Church History and Organization at Handsworth, not only for a noble ministry, but also for books and articles which have enriched many minds and hearts.

A handwritten signature in dark ink, reading "John Telford". The signature is written in a cursive style with a long, sweeping underline that extends to the right.

Fear and Funk

By LESLIE D. WEATHERHEAD, M.A.

FEAR is one of the instinctive emotions of man. It always has been inherent in his personality and always will be a characteristic reaction of it. For fear is a good thing, sown in our personality by the hand of God. Like other instinctive emotions however, it has a bastard brother, funk, with which it is often confused. Funk is an evil thing, to be fought with all our powers. I say 'like other instinctive emotions,' for love may descend to lust, self-respect may descend to conceit, pity may descend to contempt, just as fear may descend to funk.

The Benefit of Fear.

Fear is not only a good but an essential thing. Fear is one of the assets which we have received from God through our animal ancestors. When a leopard first clawed the hind quarters of a wild horse in the primeval jungles, fear urged the horse to flee. But for fear it would have been devoured. The speed of the horse to-day is partly the result of fear, and the characteristic qualities of many animals are derived from primitive fear. In his story *White Fang*, Jack London shows how the character of the wolf was moulded and fashioned by fear. First the fear of pain, and then the fear of power, until fear had done its work and was sublimated in reverence and love.

Fear is a good thing in ourselves. I suppose thousands of years ago it served the purpose of helping us to defend ourselves by making us look horrible. Even now fear can raise the hair from our heads, make our eyes glare and bulge, and contort our faces, and all these signs point back to that far-off day when fear automatically helped us to defend ourselves by making us frightful to look at, and thus more able to overawe our opponent. Yet though these physical symptoms are little needed to-day fear still makes us efficient. It makes us careful, and who will deny that it keeps us in right paths? Many a man is doing what is right to-day because he fears the consequences of doing wrong, and a good deal of what is called virtue is really carefulness inspired by fear.

Savages and the Use of Fear.

To make use of the fear of consequences is still amongst savage tribes one of the most potent ways of keeping a tribe within the bounds of morality and health. For instance, the medicine man knows that inter-marriage with near relations is bad for the tribe. He knows that eating certain things at certain seasons

is bad for the tribe; that promiscuous sexual intercourse with the wives of other members of the tribe is bad for the tribe, and the only way in which morality and health can be safe-guarded is by making threats of the immediate vengeance of the gods, or in other words, by creating tabus, which operate with disastrous results if any member of the tribe kicks over the traces. This is, of course, an appeal to fear. It is still operative to-day, though within narrower limits and in a different sense. For most civilized people the fear of punishment by the law is not operative because they have been so broken in that they are not tempted to transgress the law, but still the fear of failure and above all the fear of ridicule, the fear of being hurt, the fear of being unpopular, and the fear of being poor all play their part in determining human action.

The Fear of Hell.

We may say that this is not a high motive and that is true, but fear is a schoolmaster who keeps us in order until we graduate and pass beyond the need of its friendly restraints. After that preparation we begin to do good just because it is good and not because we shall suffer for doing wrong. The fear of hell, perhaps mistaken, has been of service to many in the lower forms of the school of life. We need not deny that fear is the name of one of God's most useful servants, even though we realize that the name of the Master is love. It was a very wise man who wrote 'the fear of the Lord is the *beginning* of wisdom.'

What is Funk?

Funk, however, is an evil thing. Funk is abnormal fear, and is as far removed from instinctive fear as lust is removed from love. Funk has become common partly because the protections of civilized life have left us so little reason to fear in a normal, physical way that we have a large quantity of this instinctive emotion left over, and, putting it popularly, some of it goes bad and becomes funk. You can see the difference in a few simple illustrations. A signalman is working in his box. The fear of causing an accident makes him efficient. The removal of fear would be the removal of a great stimulus to efficiency. But funk makes him hectic, fussy, worried; he never pulls a lever without misgivings, and having pulled a lever has a torturing terror that it may not have been the right one. Or take the case of a chemist. The chemist has a normal fear of making a mistake in his drugs and thereby poisoning somebody. He therefore takes precautions and thus fear makes for efficiency.

But if he gets to a state in which he can never let a person go out of his shop with a prescription without a kind of terror that he may have poisoned him, then fear has become funk, and a thing that made for efficiency has, in a sense, gone underground, and has become a source of inefficiency. Fear makes a man in charge of a leper asylum careful. Funk would send him to England by the next boat. Think of an explorer in some strange jungle. Fear makes him choose the site for his tent with care, makes him light his fire to keep off wild beasts, makes him see that his rifle is loaded and ready, but the fear that inspires these actions does not prevent him from sleeping soundly all night. To be afraid, or to have terror, or as I have called it, funk, will keep him awake all night. In the case of a surgeon, fear leads to skill. I would not trust myself on an operating table to a surgeon who assured me that he didn't know what fear was. That is too cabbage-like a mentality for an intricate operation. But funk would make him blunder, and in the case of a surgeon would render him useless. One would not trust oneself in a boat, or indeed in a motor, or in any place of risk with a man who said he didn't know what fear was. Confidence is not the attribute of the fearless, for there is not such a thing actually as a 'fearless' human being, though for convenience we use the word. Confidence is the attribute of the man who knows fear, but who knows his power to meet the situation, and in whom fear never turns to funk. And it may be added that he who 'does not know what fear is' for that very reason doesn't know what courage is.

Greek Names for Fears.

Funk in some cases, if not dealt with will lead to a condition which can only be called an illness of the soul. Such an illness we call a phobia, and we have all but exhausted the Greek language to find names for various manifestations of it. So we have pantophobia, the fear of all things; agoraphobia, the fear of open spaces; acrophobia, the fear of heights; aichmophobia, the fear of sharp objects; claustrophobia, the fear of closed spaces, or of being shut in; ereutophobia, the fear of blushing. Some people develop a morbid fear of the unknown or of being alone (monophobia), or of being in a crowd, or of having committed an unpardonable sin, or of the dark (nyctophobia), or of disease (pathophobia), or of dirt (mysophobia,) or of insanity, or of ridicule, or of disapproval.

Dr. Hadfield distinguishes between fear, anxiety and phobia. He says :

'Natural fears are fears directed to objects really dangerous to life: anxieties are fears without an object and are usually due to fear of threatening impulse within. They are unrecognized fears of ourselves. Phobias are fears attached to objects not in themselves dangerous. They are projected fears of ourselves. The difference between a normal fear and an abnormal fear or phobia can easily be recognized. The normal fear leads to a biological efficiency, whereas the abnormal fear leads to inefficiency.'¹

Two Illustrations.

I mention these fears (which because they have become morbid I have called funk), because the way in which the psychologist deals with a phobia may suggest to us how we may face our own funk. Let me give two illustrations. During the war an officer was found standing in the trench and refusing on any account to take shelter in a dug-out. He found, to his amazement, that if he entered the dug-out, symptoms of terror broke out more violently than if he stood in the trench with shells breaking round him. He simply could not bear that confined closed space. A cure was effected by tracing back in his childhood the origin of the fear. It was found that on one occasion when the officer was a little boy he was sent a message to somebody whose office was at the end of a long dark corridor. He timidly went down the corridor and knocked at a door at the end of it. The door was opened and a dog jumped out and terrified the child, who ran screaming up the corridor again. Ever since then he had had a repressed terror of enclosed spaces. But when the origin of the phobia was discovered and unmasked it disappeared.² A simpler illustration is as follows. Miss Geraldine Coster, Principal of Wychwood School, Oxford, says that one of the unforgettable horrors of her babyhood 'was a monster called a squidgeon.' It lived on a bookshelf in a very dark little room in her grandmother's house and was used by her elders as a means of getting a rise out of her. In a sense she knew that it was made of a large orange and some burnt matches, but she had not seen it made, *nor was she ever allowed to go up close to it and examine it*, hence she always felt that it might be alive just as children feel that the white object in the dark corner which they know in the day time is a curtain, might be a ghost. It was not until she was allowed to examine the squidgeon that her terror of it vanished. She says, 'Because I

¹ *Psychology and Morals*, p. 154.

² The night terrors of children can often be very easily dissipated by tracing them to their origin and recalling the incident to consciousness.

was never able to look that creature full in the eye and satisfy myself that he was a hoax he haunted me for many a long day.'

How Fear was Cured.

I should like to relate a case of my own which illustrates the way in which a very real phobia of the dark was relieved. After a lecture I once gave on psychotherapy a lady and gentleman came and asked me if I could do anything for their daughter of eighteen and a half, whom we will call Theodora. The parents related that Theodora was terrified of the dark. She could not sleep alone, and even when sleeping with her mother was terrified at the slightest disturbance that occurred while the bedroom was in darkness. If she were travelling by train and the train passed through a long tunnel Theodora became rigid with fear. She was quite unable to travel by the underground railway in London, and though she was in every other way normal, and indeed brilliant as a student, it seemed as though her career was doomed on account of this phobia. It was her parents' ambition and desire that she should proceed to Cambridge, but a course at that University was obviously impossible unless she could be delivered from this abnormal fear of the dark. Coupled with the fear of the dark was a fear of men, not men in a crowd or men to whom she was introduced, but a fear of men who seem to be 'loitering' as she expressed it.

Having received permission from those concerned to relate this case, I will do it in some detail because it is so typical of this type of trouble, and the way it may be treated. Patient psychoanalysis revealed the fact that though Theodora could remember with amazing clearness events that happened in her life from a very early age right up until the present time there was one patch between the years of eight and nine when her memory failed her. At last, however, this amnesia was overcome, and it emerged that when Theodora was eight, while living with her parents in India, she was deeply frightened by 'a horrid man.' This man apparently waited about for little girls and then enticed them to his own house. He gave them sweets to get them to go with him, and probably his purpose was an immoral one. At any rate, Theodora's mother told her that she must on no account go out of the garden, and thus she became deeply frightened of this man. In our conversation she repeated again and again that he was 'horrid' and 'horrid looking.' Some months later Theodora with her parents was travelling by train in India, and, as is often the case, instead of carrying a restaurant coach the train pulled up at a station, giving the

passengers an opportunity to have dinner at the refreshment room. Thinking their daughter was fast asleep they darkened their compartment and went to have their dinner. Unfortunately Theodora awakened to find 'the horrid man' standing on the platform opposite her compartment looking at her through the window. Her terror can be better imagined than described. When her parents returned to the compartment, for some reason or another she did not tell them of her scare. It may be that eager to remain in her parents' thoughts as a brave little girl, she would not confess to having been afraid. Ever since then Theodora has been terrified of the dark, and, in a measure, afraid of loitering men. Even at the age of seventeen she would search her bedroom carefully lest any one should be concealed in it. She was not afraid of women, but always of men, and sometimes she was so frightened that she dare not even search the room. Her fears got worse and worse until, so far from travelling by the underground railway she dare not even go down the steps of it to meet a friend. Two days before I saw her first she wakened in the night thinking she heard a footstep, and her whole body was rigid with fear. She realized that the noise was made by a window-blind rattling, but the body still kept its rigidity, and she felt too terrified even to call out. When Theodora overcame the amnesia there was a violent abreaction and she manifested again all the symptoms of fear. This recovery of the buried memory would probably, by itself, have constituted a cure, but as I had only a short time in which to treat her before having to leave for another engagement, a further treatment was applied to make sure of the cure. This consisted of getting the patient completely to relax all her muscles and lie at full length on a bed, and then in this suggestible state, while her mind was in an exceedingly receptive condition, strong positive ideas of confidence were introduced: for instance that she would react to the dark as confidently as to the light and so on. Following this we prayed together, thanking God that all abnormal fear had been banished. Use was made of part of the one hundred and thirty-ninth Psalm, 'Even the darkness hideth not from Thee, but the night shineth as the day: the darkness and the light are both alike to Thee.'

I have been able to keep in touch with this patient rather more closely than I can with most, and it is a great joy to relate that ever since that unusually brief treatment she has been able to sleep alone, to walk by herself in the dark, and to be entirely unafraid concerning it. For a time she travelled daily on the

underground railway in London, and having passed the necessary examinations is proceeding to one of the colleges of the University of Cambridge. As over a year has elapsed since the treatment I think the word 'cure,' which one is always hesitant to use, may be applied to this case. As the patient is a splendid Christian and both clever and gifted, a career, which her parents feared would be all but closed down, has been opened up to the fuller purposes of God.

From Fear to Funk.

All of us have fears which are in danger of becoming funk. We have them about quite ordinary things such as sitting in a draught, getting our feet wet, or failing to digest our food. And the unfortunate part about fear is its magnetic attraction. If we nurse it we bring upon ourselves the very thing that we do fear. As Miss Coster has said in her excellent little book, *Psychoanalysis for Normal People* :

'To concentrate the mind on the digestion with a conviction that it will not function properly produces indigestion; and to dwell on the fear that one is being infected by the person with a streaming cold who is sitting next one in a railway carriage is an excellent way to catch the cold. These facts are recognized by most people nowadays, yet few make the useful generalization that to fear a thing is the worst way of avoiding it.'¹

From the point of view of the health of the soul fears like these are not the most serious. There is not one of us who would not be a finer Christian if he could eliminate the morbid fear of what people will say.² We are afraid to accept new thoughts because they upset us, even though those new thoughts would mean that life took on a new meaning. We are afraid to do new things because they would upset others, though to do them would mean liberty for us, and the opening of freedom's door for others. We are afraid to follow Christ because it costs so much, even though we really know that it is the only way to our peace. We are afraid of punishment for past sins, even though the acceptance of forgiveness could change that punishment from being a dreaded nemesis to a helpful discipline. How much could be accomplished if people were not afraid of being thought fools, not afraid of being hurt, not afraid of being unpopular,

¹ Page 72.

² Incidentally a lot of people could be cured of their ailments if they were not afraid of trying psychological methods involving the ridicule of those who would think them pious or superstitious.

not afraid of being poor, not afraid of public opinion, not afraid of truth, not afraid of sacrifice.

What is the Cure?

Some people tell us to put the fear of this or that out of the mind. Their intention is good but their words are dangerous. If they mean us to turn away from the fear, and pretend that it does not exist; to go on as if it were not there, then their advice is disastrous. It may lead to the fear being repressed, in which case, its poison will spread through the moral system and find its vent in some kind of lowered efficiency if not in some kind of nervous breakdown. Rather than say 'dismiss it from your mind,' I would say, 'set it in the centre of your mind.' Look it full in the face, examine it, spread it out. If possible trace it to its origins. In this way it cannot become funk. Funk is a kind of blackmail, and it is better to face the tyrant than to have life-long misery living at his mercy. To refuse to face a fear which is rapidly becoming funk is to be in exactly the same position as the blackmailer's victim. You will never be really free until you face your funk, and a reluctance to face it will mean just what it means in blackmail, that you pay, and pay, and pay, until you have nothing more to pay with. And remember that the coin with which you pay is nervous energy. Nor am I playing the role of scaremonger when I suggest that the man who does not face up to his fears is treading a road, the end of which may be insanity. One recalls Tennyson's lines,

He faced the spectres of the mind
And laid them; thus he came at length
To find a stronger faith his own.

Power in Christ.

Secondly, having faced the situation let us realize our power to meet it in Christ. His presence brings a sense of 'otherness,' which means two to fight our fears instead of one. 'I can do all things in Him that strengtheneth me.'

Let us take a look at the situation in which Christ found Himself. Priests were swayed from their position because they were afraid that if He were right they would have no position left. Pharisees were swayed from their position because they were afraid of the people. The people were swayed from their former loyalty because they were afraid of their own leaders, and terror is the most infectious thing in the world. Pilate was swayed from his duty because he was afraid of Caesar, and the disciples were swayed from their loyalty to the Master because

they were afraid of being made fools of. Now Jesus knew what fear was. He experienced that instinctive emotion that we call fear. No one can read the story of Gethsemane without realizing that Jesus was facing naked fear. Blood does not exude through the pores and fall like sweat upon the ground unless a man is in the throes of that instinctive emotion called fear. St. Mark, translated by Dr. Moffatt, uses the words, 'He began to feel appalled and agitated, and said to them "My heart is sad, sad even to death."' And Dr. Weymouth translates as follows, 'Then He took with Him Peter, James, and John and began to be full of terror and distress.' But His fear never became funk or He would have run away and escaped. If it were easy for the disciples to escape even after the Roman soldiers had arrested Jesus, it would have been easy for Jesus to have escaped as He saw the lights of their torches coming toward Him through the trees. Though possessed by fear He was never afraid. No, not even at the end. This was typical of Jesus all through His life. He was completely man, and therefore the instinctive emotions which possess us were known to Him. He did things deliberately that He must have known it was death to do. That is why He could prophesy the Cross quite early as a certain end of His life. What is sometimes harder, He believed things it was death to believe. Some men who won the M.C. and even the V.C. in the war returned to office, mill, university, factory, and found it harder to be a Christian in this modern world than to face German bullets. To stand by your own convictions when those convictions make you unpopular, when you are called goody-goody or pious or funny or eccentric requires the very highest type of courage. Jesus was not a man of the steel heart. He felt as no one else has ever felt, yet He dared as no one else has ever dared. But, though He knew fear, He was never afraid. He was the one man whom no power of hell could master because nothing ever made Him afraid.

And He is our Master, not our pattern only, but our friend. He stands at our elbow now. His brave eyes hold ours steady. His strong grasp grips our trembling hands. Let us go out into the future made efficient by fear, but never brought low by funk. Let us go out into the future bravely with Him, for still His quiet voice rings with an assurance which gives us utter confidence. He bends over all the tossing unrest of our disquieted heart and speaks the word which He spoke to those disciples whose hearts were more troubled than the waters of their Galilean lake, 'Peace, be still.'

Christian Discipleship

By H. MALDWYN HUGHES, M.A., D.D.

XII. FELLOWSHIP

SOMEONE said to John Wesley, 'Young man, you cannot go to heaven alone.' He did not mean that he could not be saved himself, unless he could point to others saved by his agency, but that the Christian life cannot be developed in solitude. There is a striking passage in St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans. 'I long to see you that I may impart unto you some spiritual gift.' The Christian life is not developed in isolation but is a fellowship for giving and receiving spiritual gifts. There is no more inspiring picture in all history than that of the Jew of Tarsus, braving all manner of perils, in order that he may enter into fellowship with men whom he has never seen that he may impart unto them some spiritual gift.

The great qualities of Christian character are all *gifts*. They are not something which we can acquire merely by our own efforts. 'By grace are ye saved through faith, and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God.' This is true when we interpret the word 'save' in its widest sense, and take it to include not merely deliverance from sin, but the building up of Christian character. The great word of the Gospel is *grace*. This is a self-confident age, which glories in the might of human achievement. We have accomplished so much in commerce and science, that we are apt to suppose that we are self-sufficient in the moral and spiritual spheres as well, and that by education and mere force of will we can acquire spiritual qualities. But the teaching of the Gospel is that there are things which we cannot win for ourselves, but which we must receive from God in the humble spirit of dependence of little children.

All the best things in life are gifts. The eye that delights in beauty and the hand which can transfer the beautiful to canvas—what are they but gifts? If you were not born an artist, not all the training in the world can make you one. The ear that can catch melodies and harmonies unheard by others, the voice that can make the soul ache with longing for the eternal, the faculty that can use organ or violin to make the soul vibrate in every fibre of its being—what are they but gifts? The power of oratory, the philosophic faculty, scientific genius, powers of

organization, beauty of form and feature, charm of personality—what are they but gifts?

We sometimes find men and women who are conceited because of their endowments. But what have they to be conceited about? What have they that they have not received? Their only claim to merit is if they use to the full the gifts which God has given them. But diligence and painful toil will not make an artist or musician or orator or scientific genius of the man who has not been endowed in a measure with the necessary gifts.

So with the qualities of Christian character. They are gifts not acquirements. They are the gifts wherewith Christ endows those who have been redeemed by Him into newness of life, and who daily experience the transforming energy of His Holy Spirit. We must, of course, put all the resources of our personality at the service of Christ, but when we have done that, it is still true that the qualities which make life beautiful and Christ-like are gifts bestowed on us, by Him who dwells within us.

Every virtue we possess,
And every victory won,
And every thought of holiness
Are His alone.

But there is this difference between what we call natural gifts and spiritual gifts. If we lack certain natural gifts, we must accept our limitations and make the most of such other gifts as we may possess. But the gifts of Christian life and character are offered by Christ freely to all. The Kingdom of God is a republic in which all men are heirs of the same glorious inheritance. Christ offers to redeem us all from the tyranny of evil qualities and to crown us with the gifts and graces of the Spirit, 'Whosoever will may come.' 'Ask and ye shall receive.'

The law of Christian progress is *Fellowship*. The riches of Christian character grow not by hoarding, but by spending. The gifts and graces of the Christian life grow in quality and in beauty as they are imparted to others.

Intellectual gifts cannot be imparted. The great genius cannot pass his secret on. The great artist cannot make an artist. The great musician cannot make a musician. The great orator cannot make an orator. They may foster and develop such gifts as their pupils possess, but they cannot endow them with gifts which are not already theirs. Their secret is incommunicable.

But blessed be God, the secrets of the Christian life are communicable. Spiritual gifts can be imparted. The man who

dwells in the secret place and walks with God can impart his secret to us. The man who loves his fellow men can whisper to us the secret of love. The man who tramples his temptations beneath his feet can so teach and inspire us that we too shall be more than conquerors.

Our personalities are not isolated and self-contained. Personality has the power of penetrating personality. As we enter into fellowship with one another we both give and receive far more than we realize. We modify one another's thoughts and motives and desires and we cause hidden streams of influence to pour into one another's lives. In a word, we impart to one another gifts—good or evil, as the case may be.

We recall men and women who influenced us. How did they influence us? We try to recall some word of theirs which revolutionized our life, and very frequently we cannot. It is not what they said or did that abides with us, but what they were. Something passed from them to us. There was something in them which generated in us secret energies whose fruitful power is not exhausted even yet. They imparted to us some spiritual gift.

This is the secret of Christian progress for the giver no less than for the receiver. The rivers are ever giving to the clouds, but not to their own impoverishment, for the waters descend again in rain, and enrich and purify the rivers. The love, purity, truth and sacrifice which we impart to others will return as the fertilizing dews and rains and will enrich and purify our own character and life.

What is the secret of the power of imparting spiritual gifts. Paul sums it up in the pregnant words, 'In Christ Jesus.' Everything that he was, he was 'in Christ,' in His fellowship and obedience. The very atmosphere which he breathed was the spirit of Christ. If we are to impart spiritual gifts to others, we must keep very close to Jesus Christ. We need to replenish our supplies of spiritual energy every day. Virtue goes out of us, as it went out of our Lord. As we spend ourselves, the power to impart spiritual gifts diminishes, unless we drink continually of the exhaustless reservoir of grace in Jesus Christ.

I sometimes hear thoughtless people speak contemptuously of work that was done for the sake of money. Some of the best work ever done was done for the sake of money. What is money for but to induce men to labour? 'Blessed be money!' cried Charles Lamb enthusiastically. It is a matter-of-fact beatitude; but it is nevertheless a good one.—*F. W. Boreham, D.D.*

America's Methodist Skylark

By JOHN TELFORD, B.A.

DR. RICE of the Metropolitan Church in Detroit has written a Life of Bishop Quayle (Abingdon Press, \$2.50) whom he styles *The Skylark of Methodism*. 'I hear his music still. I gaze into the heavens whence he has gone, and when my vision fades there yet comes to my ears the note I recognize.' It is a friend's tribute written under the influence of an affection which runs across almost all Dr. Rice's years, and fully across his ministry.

Many Emigrants.

The Quayles came from Castletown in the Isle of Man. An unpretentious store under the shadow of Rushen Castle was kept by the bishop's grandfather. Thomas Quayle went to America at the age of twenty and made his home in a Manx settlement in Northern Ohio, where he met a cousin, Elizabeth Gill and married her. Her brother was a Methodist preacher of ability and Elizabeth had a strong and instinctive gift which made itself felt when she told her experience in a revival meeting, soon after she reached America. Her Manx brogue created some laughter, but the hearers were soon hushed to attention and then the whole company was moved to tears. Her son was born at Parkville, Missouri, June 25, 1860. He never knew his mother, but she was always in his heart. He said long afterwards, 'My mother and my father met and married, and were beautifully poor; so that I, a Methodist preacher, have never had to learn poverty, having known it from the first. And my father, gone to heaven long since, and my mother, who had gone before him, from the summits of the Rocky Mountains, years and years ago, before I ever knew her kiss, left no library to me—no other books, but only these, *The Saints' Everlasting Rest*, and the Bible.' The young husband had gone to follow fortune as a gold miner, and his wife died in the mining region. Her son used to carry in a locket a curl of reddish brown hair which he had begged from a cousin who was said to have hair like his mother's, and would try as he gazed on it to bring her before his eyes. His prayer was, 'O God, help me to keep my lips clean, that when I shall greet her first at the gates, I can do so with clean lips.'

A Lonely Boyhood.

He described his father at the British Conference as a farmer, converted at the age of twelve, a devout man journeying with

glad feet and laughing heart to the heavenly country which was the sure *terra firma* of the soul and uttering as his last words, 'I am ready.' He knew little of books but had fine mother wit, and was a shewd reader of human nature. He had no settled home as a gold miner and his boy was brought up by his mother's brother, Edward Gill. At the age of thirteen he went to live with another Methodist preacher, James Boicourt, and a year with that sweet soldier-preacher, 'put a music of manhood into my heart that has never silenced for a moment in all these years. He was to me at the time of his death the only earthly father I possessed . . . and now I shall neither write him nor see him only hold him in my heart like a star.'

Almanac, Bible, and Shakespeare.

The boy's first book was an almanac. When he was a bishop he met at dinner the head of a large business house. The bishop suddenly asked if he still published that almanac. The reply was, 'We certainly do. We publish the almanac now by the million.' Dr. Quayle told him that he always carried a copy of the latest edition with him. 'I made it a business from my very boyhood days, with my first book possession, to study and fix in my mind the one event for the day as recorded there, then I would test my memory by recalling other dates in due order. This aided me both with facts and in practice of memory. Ploughing, sowing, reaping, chopping, sawing, I was never without my first book.' He had no pocket, but 'folded it once lengthwise and stuck it in his belt.' The Bible was the second book and had measureless influence on his mind and heart. Then he saved up all the small coins that came to him, and bought a Shakespeare which he read as he ploughed. He threw the reins round his neck, got the horses headed in the right direction and read *Hamlet* till they struck the fence on the other side of the field. Then he turned the horses round and got back to his Shakespeare.

His Conversion.

One tempestuous night he sat with a handful of others in a little school house. After the sermon the rough preacher came to him and said, 'Billy, you belong to Jesus.' He put his hand on the boy's shoulder and led him to the front where Billy bowed his head on an old dictionary that lay on the floor. The wind swept around the house as it once did over the Sea of Galilee. 'Christ came over and said, "Boy, what do you want down here?"' And I said, "I want Thee, O Christ," and He said, "I have come." ' That was the way long after that he described

his conversion. He added, 'Thanks be to God for the preachers who thought so little of themselves because they thought so much of Christ; thank God for the preachers who had not more sense than to go around visiting everybody, and did not know that anybody was lowly, but thought that there were only high people in the world because Christ died for them, and had said to every one, "Brother, Christ spoke your name in my ear, and He said—He knew you all—" Come on over, come on over.' '''

At Baker University.

When he was fourteen he found his way to Baker University in the little Kansas village of Baldwin. He worked on a farm for his board. His unusual oratory soon made an impression. In the State oratorical contest his subject was John Milton. One of the judges put him in the lowest place because he felt that no college student could have written such an oration; it must be plagiarism. Quayle took his degree in 1885, and delivered an oration on 'The Soul's highest form of utterance.' His father was delighted and gave him a pony, which the young scholar sold at once that he might go to Colorado and search for the grave of his mother. He never found it, but his heart was always with her. For a year he taught classics at his college and married Mrs. Robbins, daughter of Dr. Davis, the first President of Baker University. She was sitting in the choir as her father appealed for help in the benevolent work of the Church. A plainly-dressed student seated on the coal-box near the stove, because no other place was available, promised a hundred dollars. She took her father to task for accepting such a large amount from a college boy. Her father replied, 'Oh, don't worry over him. He has brains. He will pay it.' (That was her first sight of her future husband.)

Professor, Pastor, and Bishop.

He took a pastorate at Osage City, Kansas, for a little while, but returned as Professor of Greek at his old college, and in 1890 became its President. He passed thence to Independence Avenue Church in Kansas as pastor, then to Indianapolis, back to Kansas in charge of the Grand Avenue Church and finally to St. James's, Chicago. He was a devoted pastor and a thrilling preacher who never lost his freshness and his power over his audience.

He was elected bishop in 1908 and retired in 1924 with a beautiful record of loving service for both preachers and people. When he retired he told the General Conference, 'Had I a

hundred lives to live I should desire to spread them all in this sublime service. It has been a sunny life, radiant as spring.'

The Boydell Shakespeare.

His wife gave him a Boydell Shakespeare which Dr. Rice saw on his table the last time he was with him in his library 'where his very spirit seemed best to show itself intimately; we were taking a walk among his friends he would say.' He unpacked his Shakespeare with as keen pleasure as ever a child felt at the blazing beauty of a Christmas tree. Then he wrote to his wife: 'You should have been here this morning and seen your old husband unpack your Christmas present to him. That Boydell's Shakespeare, Aha, Aha! It is magnificent and no mistake. You did make me a grand Christmas present if I do have to admit it. There has not been a nobler set in my library than this, and I am certain you will so conclude when you see it. I have decided that, seeing you are you, and you are the donor of these noble volumes, I will let you sit across the library and look at them. They are a sight for a book-man's eyes and heart. It is not possible to exaggerate their wonder. Nine volumes, folio, the noblest size for a book in this world, bound in rich brown morocco, and such a lordly paper and type and all. You certainly are a good wife to treat me so, and I will remember you in my will. I am willing now.'

Author and Bookman.

He wrote many books which are full of his boundless delight in 'God's Out-of-Doors,' in everything gracious and beautiful in literature, and in all the wonders of human nature and of grace. He was always buying books, and his fondest affections were bound up in them. He gathered his fine collection of 250 Bibles including Tyndale's New Testament and many treasures. He used to carry a little old purse filled with trinkets. The day he died there was in it a ring with an antique signed intaglio, a ring with a scarab, a silver dime, a collar button and a pearl. Nature was his ceaseless study. He saw God everywhere. 'His wish was to people other hearts with love of flower and woodland path, and drifting cloud, and dimming light, and moon-lit distance, and star-light, and voices of bird and wind, and cadence of the rainfall, and the storm, and to make men and women more the lovers of this bewildering world, fashioned in loveliness by the artist hand of God.' He died on March 9, 1925, aged 65, a bishop who may be pronounced unique in the great American succession.

Life from a Manse Window

By HILARY HOPE

XII. THE WORN-OUT MINISTER 'SITS DOWN'

I've wrestled on towards heaven,
'Gainst storm, and wind, and tide;
Now, like a weary traveller
That leaneth on his guide,
Amid the shades of evening,
While sinks life's lingering sand,
I hail the glory dawning
In Immanuel's land.

I WONDER who first used the phrase 'sits down' to describe a minister retiring from travelling. It is very expressive to those who know, but to others it is a mystery. There is a story told of one of our ministers who was rather dreamy and absent-minded. The phrase was so familiar to him that he did not realize how odd and unintelligible it would be to those outside the Methodist circle. It is said that he was giving an account to a specialist of his health throughout his life. He related in detail a serious illness he had had and then announced, 'Then I sat down for a year.'

The specialist was nonplussed.

'I—I beg your pardon?'

'I sat down for one year.'

'But—I beg your pardon, I don't understand—you *sat down* for a *year*? What *was* the matter with you?'

'Ah! Yes! of course. You would not know. I mean I retired from the active ministry for a year. We call it "sitting down."'

That specialist must have thought Methody parsons a very quaint collection and that he almost needed a glossary of Methodist terms in order to understand them.

How many times in our 'travelling days' we comforted ourselves with plans for 'when we sit down.' When we went to a manse where carpets and wall-papers screamed at each other, where the bedding was known as our sacks of potatoes, where crockery was so short that we had to restrain our hospitality until the 'quarterage' had been paid—then we said, 'When we sit down we'll have colour schemes and not crazy patchwork of various people's tastes, and cups enough to go round for guests as well as ourselves.'

As the time drew nearer we studied furnishing catalogues and shop windows and schemed what we would have.

In my father's day £40 was granted to a minister to help to furnish his house when he retired, so when father thought our ideas on furnishing were running away with us he used to chant, 'Only £40 to spend, remember,' as if we had not all been screwing and saving for many years for the great event.

There was many a family conclave over that furnishing. 'Whatever else we economize in, we will buy good bedding. It is a saving in the end,' said mother, remembering her own old home. '£40!' chanted father from behind the *Methodist Recorder*. What an alarming amount the kitchen utensils swallowed up, even though we had a few pet milk saucepans and other well-used treasures to form a nucleus. As my father was a minister's son he had never had a real home of his own, so as his specialité was his handwriting, he was given the job of marking the house linen with our own name instead of W.M.H. as the circuit's always was. Which reminds me, that although we had carefully explained the meaning of the initials W.M.H. to a steam laundry, and that some of our washing would have those initials and some our own, mother found her 'undies' returned with a huge W.M.H. on all of them in marking ink. We used to chaff her when she took them on to the next circuit that the washerwoman would think the last circuit had provided her with them!

There was such a different and rather a lost feeling about leaving that last manse and going out to another place where we only knew one or two people. It seemed strange to arrive at a station and find no welcoming stewards, or at the house, no rather nervous but very kind stewardess waiting to welcome us. However, the excitement and joy of our own possessions helped us through. It was a continual pleasure to see mother's and father's delight in their own little home at last. Father, in fact, said he wanted to carve his initials on the tables and chairs to feel that at last they were his own. With what gratitude the presents of easy chairs and other useful furniture, given by 'our last circuit' at a farewell meeting were put in places of honour, whilst a clock, books, and other gifts from other circuits at last found a permanent home.

It is difficult at first to adjust oneself to the new conditions of life. It seemed strange for us as well as father, not to know the ins and outs of the circuit life as we used to do. We felt on the outside instead of the inside. It needs grace for a keen minister to retire gracefully from the active work, to see others conduct meetings and be at the head of affairs.

My sister and I also found that there was all the difference between being *the* minister's daughters and *a* minister's daughters.

In the place in which we 'sat down' there was a little colony of supernumeraries and their wives. A brave band of 'have beens' cheering each other on along the last part of the pilgrim's way, exchanging experiences and yarns of their former circuits, and sometimes a little rueful shaking of heads over the sermons of the young minister. Then their wives, dear little old Mothers in Israel, brave helpmeets facing straitened means in many cases, visiting each other, still 'going to the sewing meetings,' and helping 'the cause.' What yarns they told each other of their manse and how they revelled in their first 'own' homes.

They all reminded me of the little group of pilgrims in Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* waiting for the call to pass over the river, whilst the rest still waited, some in age and feebleness extreme but all looking forward, even whilst they reviewed the past.

'In process of time there came a post to the town again, and his business was with Mr. Ready-to-Halt. So he inquired him out, and said to him, I am come to thee in the name of Him whom thou hast loved and followed, though upon crutches; and my message is to tell thee, that He expects thee at His table, to sup with Him in His Kingdom, the next day after Easter. Wherefore prepare thyself for this journey. . . . Then he thanked Mr. Great-heart for his conduct and kindness and so addressed himself to his journey. When he came at the brink of the river he said, Now I shall have no more need of these crutches since yonder there are chariots and horses for me to ride on. The last words he said were Welcome Life! So he went his way.

'After this it was noised abroad that Mr. Valiant-for-Truth was taken with a summons. . . . Then said he I am going to my Father's; and though with great difficulty I am got hither, yet now I do not repent me of all the trouble I have been at to arrive where I am. . . . My marks and scars I carry with me, to be a witness for me that I have fought His battles who will now be my rewarder. When the day that he must go hence was come, many accompanied him to the river side, into which, as he went, he said, "Death, where is thy sting?" And as he went down deeper, he said, "Grave, where is thy victory?"

'So he passed over, and all the trumpets sounded for him on the other side.'

East Anglia and its Methodism

By WILLIAM H. HEAP

II

WHEN Charles Wesley took his stand at seven o'clock in the morning on Sunday, July 14, 1754 in the streets of Norwich, and preached the first Methodist sermon ever heard in East Anglia, he could not have dreamed whereunto this thing would grow. That unusual spectacle quickly gathered a crowd. The hearers were tolerably quiet, and some were convinced of the truth, so that a Society was quickly formed. Before the year closed preachers were appointed to Norwich, and with some celerity they carried the gospel afield. The soil was not over fruitful, and the culture difficult, but those early Methodist preachers persevered, with this result amongst others, that there are 831 Methodist chapels dotted over the three counties.

Days of Strife.

Not all of these are Wesleyan Methodist. In no part of the country was the bitterness engendered in 1849 more manifest. It was concerning Holt chapel that the test law suit was brought by Mr. Cozens Hardy. The chapel was claimed by the Reformers but after long delays the verdict was finally in favour of the mother Church. The Chapel Committee had to come to the rescue of the trustees by finding the costs. Whether as compensation or as a safeguard against further attack I do not know, but for some reason or other the Chapel Committee took possession of the trust deeds of Holt chapel, and keeps them in its safe to this day. Since within recent years application has been made in vain that the trust deeds might now safely repose in the circuit safe, one can only conclude that this is an illustration of the persistency with which men and institutions alike stick to what they can get! The Cozens Hardy family, baulked in their desire to possess the chapel, built a new one which altogether flings ours into the shade. Happily that spirit has died down, and this winter the young people in connexion with the two Methodist Churches in Holt, are co-operating in one Guild. The Cozens Hardy family later left Methodism for Congregationalism. Most of them in these later days are now members of the Church

of England. The memories of that ancient feud still survive, and that on either side, but everywhere it is realized that a new day has dawned.

What Methodist Union Will Do.

In no part of the country will Methodist union be more gladly welcomed or more helpful than in East Anglia. Think what lies behind such figures as these:—the totals of Methodist chapels in the District. 275 are Wesleyan, 450 Primitive, 90 United, and 16 Wesleyan Reform.

The Primitive Methodists have done splendid work in the villages. No praise can be too high for the witness they have borne, and the good they have achieved. They won the ear of the farm labourer; for here as elsewhere, class distinctions have invaded the sacred precincts of the sanctuary, and masters and labourers have not found it easy to worship together. The most trusted Labour leaders have been trained in the Primitive Methodist chapels of our countryside. Considering the multiplicity of small chapels, it is surprising in how few villages we clash. There are, of course, places where we are competing against Primitive Methodists, and others against the United Methodists; others again where we are not represented, and the Primitive and the United Methodists compete against each other or against the Reformers; but mainly we occupy adjacent villages. In the small towns the case is different. There, quite often, there are three causes where one might much better serve the common purpose. In small communities like Wells, Diss, Dereham, and Aylsham, this multiplicity of Methodist chapels is a real hindrance. With Methodist Union a re-division of circuits would be inevitable. Many of our wide straggling circuits, and many also of the Primitive Methodist single minister stations, would be changed in form. By carving out compact circuits, much could be done towards effective working.

Reviving Village Methodism.

And village Methodism is worth helping. The modern villager is no longer aloof from the main currents of life. It is everywhere realized that society is organizing itself upon a new basis. Ancient landmarks are disappearing: customs and manners and fashions all tend to one common standard, whether in town or in country. Modern means of locomotion are transforming the countryside, often to the disadvantage of the people who dwell there. The ceaseless stream of charabancs which every Sunday invades Hunstanton, pouring forth city dwellers from Midland towns, is both a portent and a danger. The influence of radio

is immeasurable. One recent development is its introduction into our churches. An enterprising young minister, for instance, fashions a wireless set so that the Guild may enjoy some special concert of far higher quality than the locality can provide. Or a local preacher carries out with him his moveable set, and when the evening service is completed, gives the villagers the opportunity of sharing in common worship with St. Martin's, or of listening to the message broadcast by the President of the Conference. Similarly the use of the gramophone is extending. Only the other week at a public meeting a circuit steward brought his instrument to a remote village cause, and during the evening we heard the strains of Mendelssohn's 'Hear my Prayer,' and Mr. Meale's famous Storm piece.

Another striking feature in village life are the Women's Institutes. This movement, which takes account neither of Church nor class, but which is an effort made by women for women to enrich life, has achieved quite remarkable results throughout this area. So, in another direction altogether, has the Wesley Guild. In quite remote villages it has been my privilege to address Rallies, which have more than packed all available space. I know, of course, that such occasions are special, and that ordinary conditions differ greatly from these. Congregations that are in the neighbourhood of twenty do not inspire eloquence. It is not surprising that the accessories of worship differ greatly from those prevailing in suburban congregations. The surprise is, not that the preachers preach badly, but that they preach so well; that is, it is surprising, until one realizes the quality of those who listen. After all, whatever changes there may be in forms of worship, or in theological statement, the need for religion remains the same, and the gospel is never out of date. The old song, with its refrain, 'Oh, it's quiet down here, But God is very near,' hits the mark.

I think of some of these village causes, and of the men I have met there. The very names of the villages sound like music, Saxmundham, Aylmerton, Castle Rising, Monks Eleigh, Stow Bardolph, Lavenham. Or to name another type, Little Snoring and Great Snoring. Or yet again, Burgh St. Margaret, Weasenham St. Peter, Pullham St. Mary Magdalene, Horsham St. Faiths, Walpole St. Andrew, for we are great on the Saints in this part of the country. Consider one or two typical country causes.

Typical Village Chapels.

Here is Gunthorpe, a little village chapel which had fallen

into decay. There it stood in a village without any Nonconformist place of worship, a mute witness of neglect. A Methodist from an adjoining village, who in the course of daily business constantly passed that way, keenly felt its reproach, until one day there came to him an inspiration. Without consulting any one, trustees or Quarterly Meeting, he set to work. Every Saturday afternoon with his own hands he proceeded to build the walls of God's House. For quite a time no notice was taken, but at last questions were asked, to which he replied, that the chapel was going to be re-opened for worship, and he was getting it ready. It is re-opened, the work has been paid for, and the little chapel is well attended. Its mainstay is a young local preacher who found the Saviour in a service which I myself conducted. Some time ago, at his urgent request, I travelled out one Sunday afternoon to preach in the little chapel. There are some thirty houses in the village, and to every house this young man had delivered a personal letter, relating his own experience and conversion, informing them that the preacher who had led him to Christ was coming to speak to them, and urging the claims of Christ upon them. Needless to say, the chapel was filled that Sunday afternoon with some eighty people, and the power of God was made manifest in the service. It would be impossible to over-estimate the influence of such a young man upon the countryside.

Or take Mundham, a village in the Lowestoft Circuit, where our chapel is crowded to the doors every Sunday night, and where only a few weeks ago it was my joy to open a Sunday school free of debt. Here the mainstay of the place is a veteran above eighty years of age, hale and hearty, clear in intellect, and rich in spiritual experience and influence. I should not like to say how many such we have amongst us, but the Methodists in East Anglia who have passed the allotted three score years and ten, are numbered by hundreds rather than by scores.

Here is Middleton, a village cause in the Ipswich Circuit which has just celebrated its centenary by renewing its building. With great taste the old-fashioned building has been modernized and beautified. The people who worship there would impress any preacher. Quite a bunch of them are remarkable folk, and they love the House of God with passionate devotion.

Or Massingham in the Mid-Norfolk Mission, another cause which has celebrated its centenary, where the preacher always finds a good congregation eagerly awaiting his message, with a Sunday school that teaches most of the children in the village,

and a Women's Institute, which is splendidly attended, with class meetings and prayer meeting that blaze with fervour.

Noah's Ark.

Take Hollywell Row, where our chapel must surely be unique. Locally it is known as Noah's Ark, and indeed no other name would be possible. The floor is brick, the walls boarded, and the upper portion of the boards, which are painted a bright blue, slants inward towards the ceiling. But a most flourishing cause regularly meets for worship in this ancient meeting-house, originally the property of the Society of Friends.

Here is Broome, its most notable feature being a Fellowship gathering of fourteen young people. It sprung into being this way. A young man from this village, temporarily employed in Cromer, joined the Young People's class associated with our Church there, and found the meeting so helpful that he felt he could not afford to be without it, and so faithfully reproduced it in his own village, asking no man's authority. After all, that is the way in which Methodism did grow.

Here is Bridgham, a weak little village cause, revitalized by the formation of a Sunday school. Four girls in their teens went with the young minister that they might sing at a Home Missionary meeting, and the forlornness of the cause impressed them. Having received permission from the authorities they set to work and canvassed the village house by house, not overlooking the Vicar of the parish. Nobody objected, even though nobody was enthusiastic. That is nearly three years ago, but the Sunday school is established, and is in good working order, though the girls have had to cycle out from Thetford some seven or eight miles distant, every Sunday morning, wet or fine.

Or I might write of Lakenheath, a place Wesley himself was fond of visiting, where even now a revival is in progress; or of Swaffham, where Wesley preached in the drawing-room of Mr. George Green, a room in which present-day ministers find gracious hospitality. Our chapel here is 130 years old, and has recently been modernized and renovated. Or of a hundred other such centres of village life and work.

What the Village Chapels Need.

The fact is that at this time of day every village chapel should have a separate building for Sunday school work, and should be opened two nights every week, once with a meeting for spiritual quickening, and once for a gathering more social in character. Far too often the doors of the village chapel are not open between Sunday and Sunday, partly because the ministers cannot give

constant oversight, and it has been assumed that their presence is necessary for a successful gathering, and partly because of the decay of spiritual life amongst the people themselves. If, however, we lose our grip upon the villages of England, we have no one to blame but ourselves. The well-known saying of a Labour leader speaking on behalf of working people to Methodism, is true. Said he, 'You had these people once in your chapels, and you have lost them because you neglected them. It would not have taken you much to keep them. Two or three pastoral visits regularly paid in the course of a year, and no one could have taken them away from you.' Wherever pastoral visitation is regularly undertaken, the cause flourishes. And a flourishing village cause pre-supposes a regular meeting for fellowship. How else are local preachers and Christian workers to be trained? In this respect, as also in the matter of open-air preaching, we need to revert to Wesley's practice.

I think of the men these villages have sent into our ministry, and of their pride in them. It is the glory of one village society to this day that it sent Robert Culley into our ministry. Diss regards itself with a new pride since William Humphrey was appointed Chapel Secretary. Only a week ago I was telling the Circuit which sent Moffat Gautrey and Francis Ream into the ministry, that it was time they sent another of equal calibre. But I must not mention names, or the list would be unending. In this District there is no dearth of Candidates for the Ministry. Yet only a few years ago this matter of pulpit supply was a grave difficulty. The difficulty still confronts us, and if the men over seventy were suddenly withdrawn from active service in our pulpits it would become acute, but it hardly looms so large now, because of a steady accession of both young men and young women to the Circuit plan. Under the most unlikely conditions, and from quite unpromising material, one superintendent has formed a class of eight or nine young men, and has inspired them with something of his own enthusiasm.

A Successful Experiment.

The Ipswich Circuit made an interesting experiment which may well prove historic. Four local preachers met together weekly for study. Together they mapped out a series of addresses, and allocated to each other a definite topic. They were planned in turn for successive Sunday evenings at the same chapel, the series being closed by a special visit from the minister with an appeal for decision for Christ and membership of the Church. The list of subjects was previously published in the

village, and efforts made to bring it to the notice of everybody in the place. The outcome was so satisfactory that the method has been both enlarged and repeated. Three such groups are now constantly at work, and a succession of villages have enjoyed their ministrations. It is their habit to go out together some night during the week to the village in which the team is working, and discuss the topic and the sermons with all who care to gather. There has not yet been any failure; the people come, and come gladly. A note of reality is added to the services, and a new bond of fellowship is created between preacher and people. It is a mistake to suppose that local preachers are only prepared to take Sunday duty. Here, for instance, is the Wisbech Circuit, where the steward regularly takes week-night duty along with the minister, to the great advantage of the Societies. For untold years Wisbech was almost a despair to the Home Mission Committee. It is, however, no longer a 'dependent' circuit, nor one with a backward look, but a circuit rejoicing in a vigorous spiritual life.

Enough has been written to prove the assertion that Methodism has justified her right to be in East Anglia. Yet I have written nothing of Ipswich, one of the widest and finest circuits in the Connexion, a people with a world outlook and a generous disposition; of Norwich, that beautiful city which is the capital of East Anglia, and in which a united Methodism will bear an impressive witness. Nor have I written of Cambridge. Our circuit work there prospers. In addition, through the consideration of the Home Mission Committee, the Rev. W. H. Beales, B.A., has been set apart for work during term time amongst Methodist undergraduates. There are over three hundred of them, hailing from every part of the country, and from overseas. Not all of them are British; for India, Ceylon, and Africa in growing numbers send their young people to this ancient seat of learning, but all alike find an equally warm welcome beneath Mr. Beales' hospitable roof, and are drawn into the charmed circle of Christian fellowship. It would be impossible to speak too highly of this work. It may be that once again from the Universities will come a message fraught with life and power for the whole realm.

Neither have I written of Yarmouth or of Lowestoft, ancient fishing centres which have blossomed out into popular watering places, yet in both of them Methodism is accomplishing fine work. For throughout East Anglia we cherish the conviction that God has greater things in store than have yet been revealed.

On the Road to Hebron

By GEORGE E. ARROWSMITH, M.A., F.R.G.S.

THERE is no railway connecting Jerusalem with Hebron, and so he who would see the City of Abraham and gaze on the site of the Patriarch's tomb in the Cave of Machpelah, must travel there by road. Personally I went in a very comfortable equipage of the 'Victoria' type, which was pleasantly upholstered and drawn by three sturdy horses. The driver was a magnificent individual, gaily attired in a beflowered tunic and baggy grey trousers decorated with braid. A scarlet fez crowned his swarthy visage. He proved to be a cheerful and voluble person, and most anxious to please, but as his English was very limited, he was seriously handicapped. One of his horses had a big blue bead fastened to the harness above its eyes as a charm against the 'evil eye.' Apparently this is a most efficacious charm, and mothers will even decorate their children with beads for the same purpose.

Passing through the Jaffa Gate, and leaving the Pool of Gihon on the right, we were soon climbing up a steep hill whose summit was crowned by a rambling building of monastic appearance. This was the Convent of Mar Elyas: a massive pile built for protection as well as for seclusion, as indeed is the case with most of the religious houses in this unsettled land. Beyond the monastery the road dipped down into the valley, and away in the distance there appeared a little township whose houses were scattered in picturesque disorder on the slopes and summit of a low ridge that stretched across the plain at right angles to the road. This was Bethlehem—the City of the Star in the East.

Christ's Birth Place.

Bethlehem is by no means a small place, a mere hamlet, as we are apt to imagine, but a town of considerable size and importance. In the main its inhabitants are Christian, as the many church towers and steeples bear witness. Just this side of the town, perhaps half a mile from its first house, and close to the highway, is a plain whitewashed building adorned with a dome. It is a notable tomb, one that is held in reverence by Christian, Jew, and Moslem alike, for here, so it is said, Father Jacob interred Rachel, his beloved wife. In this instance tradition is probably correct, at any rate, those who are learned in such matters seem satisfied with the claims of the site. One thing is certain, if this is not the actual tomb it must be somewhere in the immediate neighbourhood, for the Bible

account of the burial of Rachel makes it clear that her tomb was just outside Bethlehem. 'And Rachel died, and was buried in the way to Ephrath, which is Bethlehem. And Jacob set a pillar upon her grave: that is the pillar of Rachel's grave unto this day' (Gen. xxxv. 19, 20).

We stopped the carriage and spent a few moments examining the very modern structure that the Moslems have erected over the supposed tomb. All trace of Jacob's pillar has long since disappeared, and now there is only this squalid building which, but for its dome, would be quite insignificant, to remind us of the last resting-place of the beautiful woman who so captivated the heart of the Patriarch that his seven years' service with Laban 'seemed unto him but a few days for the love he had to her.'

Resuming our drive the carriage entered a valley to the right of the town, and its houses were soon shut out of sight by an intervening hill. The country now became less verdant and strewn with rocks—a land mournful in its utter desolation. The only sign of human habitation for miles around was a half-ruined building, probably the remains of some crusading castle, but now used as a 'khan.' It was some way back from the road on the left-hand side. Its walls were unrelieved by a single window, they were cracked and crumbling—a mere jumble of masonry far advanced in senile decay, a pathetic remnant of a glory that was past. A narrow doorway gave admission to the courtyard of this very unprepossessing inn. I suppose travellers and others use it sometimes as a port of call, but there was no trace of any one on this occasion. It was silent, desolate, its rambling length steeped in a stillness that suggested the grim secrecy of a robber-fortress rather than the cheerful hospitality of an Arab inn.

Solomon's Pools.

Alongside the 'khan' were three enormous reservoirs, one above the other in terrace formation. Known as Solomon's Pools they are supposed to be the identical ones that he constructed to water his gardens and orchards. 'I made me great works: I builded me houses: I planted me vineyards: I made me gardens and orchards. . . . I made me pools of water to water therewith the wood that bringeth forth trees' (Eccles. ii. 4-6). Certainly they seemed to be of great age, and they were of enormous dimensions: the lowest one was 582 feet by 207 feet, and 50 feet deep. This was the only one that contained water, the other two had been drained. The basin of the upper pool was utilized as

a kitchen garden, for all sorts of vegetables were growing in it—probably they belonged to the owner of the ‘khan’ above. In Solomon’s day the valley surrounding these pools must have been gay with palaces, gardens, vineyards, and groves of luxuriant trees, but all trace of these has now passed away, and on every side weeds, stones, and rank grass make the place desolate.

Our road now traversed a region that was suggestive of great age: its valleys were honeycombed with tombs long since despoiled by sacrilegious hands. The remains of ancient fortifications crowned many a summit. Piles of age-worn masonry at the side of the road marked the sites of wells which had been in constant use since the days of Father Abraham.

Over there, on the top of that gently-rounded hill, is a cluster of cube-shaped, stone-built houses, scarcely distinguishable from the rocky ground on which they are founded, and in their midst is a dome covering the tomb of some Moslem saint. We ask the driver for particulars. ‘That,’ says he, ‘is Neby Yunus,’ and we gather from his broken English that the mosque covers the grave of the Prophet Jonah. As this Old Testament seer has been buried in two other places far remote from this hill-top (so tradition asserts, at any rate) he must have been a very accommodating person, almost as accommodating as the big fish in whose interior he sojourned!

Bezek! What recollections the very name conjures up! We gaze at those poor, broken-down relics of a past magnificence, and think of that cruel and arrogant chieftain who made this his stronghold in the days when Joshua’s host swept as a scourge through the land. ‘Judah went up,’ we are told, ‘and slew of them in Bezek 10,000 men. And they found Adoni Bezek in Bezek . . . and they pursued after him, and caught him, and cut off his thumbs and his great toes. And Adoni Bezek said, “Three score and ten kings, having their thumbs and great toes cut off, gathered their meat under my table: as I have done, so God hath required me.”’

This brigand chief selected the site of his fortress-city with some acumen, for it is in a commanding position on the top of a long, gentle slope that overlooks the whole sweep of the valley stretching below.

The road we had traversed so far had been fairly good; nearly as broad as a high road at home, and with a surface that was singularly free from those ruts and holes that make driving in Palestine anything but a pleasant recreation. The reason for this unexpected excellence was soon revealed, for, on turning a

bend, we came upon an army of girls busy repairing the surface under the supervision of an English foreman.

Hard Working Women.

Of Palestine women in general a modern writer has unburdened himself as follows: 'The women . . . are a tirelessly industrious lot, not for the most part in work in which they can have the satisfaction of seeing things of beauty, or of lasting use, develop under their hands, but in the ceaseless bearing of burdens, the carrying of water, the grinding of wheat and corn, the endless drudgeries without the slightest relief—or so it would seem to a casual observer. A hard lot they have, and a sad, unhappy, dejected sex they seem. Seldom does one see a smiling face. The men "lord it" over the woman. It is not an infrequent scene to see a man mounted on his donkey, the wife following on foot, usually carrying a burden.'

As to the hard-working nature of the Arab women the scene before us bore abundant witness, but certainly these labourers were not sad, unhappy, and dejected, for jolly, smiling faces beamed upon us from all sides. They were an attractive crowd—young, good-looking, and moving with that easy grace which is such a pleasing characteristic of the Arab woman. Their dark beauty was enhanced by the gaily-coloured, flowing draperies that clothed them. All had their faces unveiled, and they were laughing and chattering as they worked, like a mothers' meeting out on a spree! And yet they were working, and working *hard*, for they were carrying on their heads large baskets filled with stones from the piles at the roadside, where the stone-breakers were busy hammering great lumps of limestone into pieces of convenient size, to the place where a clanking steam-roller was grinding them into the road. Most of the women wore large silver coins, about the size of a five shilling piece, on their foreheads. Probably (like the blue bead on our horse) they were worn as a protection against the 'evil eye.'

And here let me remark that the further south we proceeded the more picturesque became the dress of the natives. Near Hebron there was far more colour apparent in the garments of the peasants than in those of their Jerusalem compatriots. The turban, and not the fez, seemed to be the popular head-wear in these Hebron highlands.

After leaving the group of road-menders toiling at their arduous task, the carriage groaned its way up a long hill, and then, on breasting its summit, rattled down into the valley beyond. It was a valley of grey stones, not sprinkled over the

slopes in careless confusion as heretofore, but stones which had been carefully piled by human hands in the form of walls—rough, uneven structures, like those of Cumberland, requiring but a push to send them crashing to the ground.

The Vale of Eschol.

These walled enclosures rose one above the other as far as the eye could see; they were the famous vineyards of Hebron, and we suddenly realized that we were passing through that historic Vale of Eschol where Joshua's spies plucked a bunch of grapes so enormous that it required two of their number to bear it. From that day to this Hebron has been the centre of vine-culture.

Most of the vineyards are protected by circular watch-towers. Here, at the time of grapes, the owner mounts guard, ready to defend his property from marauders of the night. These towers are as necessary, and as much in use to-day as they were in Isaiah's time. 'My well-beloved hath a vineyard in a very fruitful hill, and he fenced it . . . and built a tower in the midst of it' (Isa. v. 2).

There are frequent references to the watch-tower in the Old Testament, and in Isaiah i. 8 it is referred to as 'a cottage in a vineyard.' From this it would seem that in the prophet's day the tower was used as a *dwelling-place* as well as a 'look-out' at the vintage season. And so it is to-day. Many of these little blockhouses are quite roomy buildings, veritable cottages, and the owner's entire family will take up their abode in it, and the different members will undertake sentry-duty in turn.

Alas, the vineyards, as we saw them, were not things of beauty: later in the year they would be a glorious profusion of green leaves and purple fruit, but now they were bare and lifeless. Unlike the vines of Italy, which grow upright, supported on sticks, those of Hebron trail along the ground. The peasants prefer this method of cultivation, for they say that the grapes ripen more slowly under the shadow of the leaves, they have time to get bigger, fuller, and more juicy than they would if they were propped up on supports and so exposed to the sun.

This vineyard land was not exactly beautiful, there was a complete lack of foliage, and a uniform colour of stone-grey which gave a melancholy air to the country-side. But suddenly, on rounding a bend, the scene of desolation changed to one of bustling human activity, for there before us, nestling in a hollow of the hills, were the crowded whitewashed houses and the teeming, narrow streets of Hebron, the City of the Patriarchs; the long, long drive was over, and our destination reached.

From a Prison Diary

Incidents of the Irish Civil War

By P. K. HORAN

The Fifth Day.

THE reaction is beginning to set in. More than twenty have now surrendered to the pangs of hunger, and the position has every appearance of becoming chaotic. The morale of the men is being badly shaken. The greatest and most vocal 'blood and thunder' men have been the first to succumb to a little physical discomfort. This ought to teach the dupes a much-needed lesson. Our principle of abstention is vindicated, and there is a feeling—a growing feeling—of respect for our opinions now; but this will soon be forgotten, when things quieten again, probably. This hunger strike and the incidents connected with it have made manifest that the surging enthusiasms and emotions of the few flaming years are dead, and all the artificial respiration of the self-seeking politicians cannot revive them again—'for which the Lord be thankit.'

The Sixth Day.

The reaction has set in in real earnest. To-day more than thirty of the strikers have given in; and although the majority are still on strike there is no fighting spirit nor zeal left. 'A message was read—from the prisoners' commandant—to the strikers domiciled in what is known as the Cork Hut reminding them that this is the month of Lord Mayor McSweeney's first steps on the road to death. The message urges them to reflect on the 'sufferings and faith' of Terence McSweeney that they may be strengthened to continue on their way bravely and unflinchingly 'although deserted,' it concludes, 'by a number of their comrades.' This communication has had no effect. It is waste of time and energy to kick a dying horse; he will not rise.

During the course of the evening L—— and I have been approached by many of the men who have given in, but their apologetic airs and pusillanimous, unprincipled excuses do not deceive us one whit. We do not encourage their overtures in any way, and personally I find it difficult to veil my contempt for them. Some of those who have given up the strike have also declared their intention of completing the surrender by signing the Form of Undertaking. This Form was issued by the Free State Authorities some time ago and circulated in the prisons

and Internment Camps. It pledges the signatory 'not to take up arms against the National Government.' I have not signed this Form; I intend to pay the full penalty of my folly.

L—— and I, who have been in charge of the Store, in which the non-strikers—exempted and others—keep their parcels of foodstuff (it is not permissible to keep or consume food in the huts at present)—were informed to-day by the so-called Medical Director of the Camp that our services would be required no longer, as only exempted men, in future, would be allowed to assist in the official management (sic) of the camp.

We are doing our best to remain aloof from the interests and 'back-door' conspiracies of the place, but if trouble is forced upon us we must resist. Everything is mean and miserable and sordid; and, O God, how sick I am of it all!

Just at nightfall thirty or forty military policemen drove into the compound in a Crossley lorry. For a few moments I thought that they intended to remove the leaders to some other place, and I remarked to L—— that such a move would break the strike, as the morale of the rank and file is at vanishing point and the removal of the leaders' influence would mean the end. However, the intentions of the military were different. They proceeded to visit every hut and put two slices of bread and butter on every bed. This done they went out again.

I do not regard this night's interlude as a serious effort to break the strike by the offering of bread. I think that it has been done in mockery and derision. In some of the huts the bread was immediately flung out through the windows, but in others it was gathered, in wooden boxes, by the 'medical officers.' The hunger strike is doomed to abject failure.

The Seventh Day.

Owing to the action of the 'Free Staters' last night, the tide of reaction has been stayed a while. However, the weakening resistance is obvious to any discerning eye. One of those who, on the eve of the strike, when I explained my position, told me, to use his own inelegant phrase, that 'I was swallowing the anchor,' came over to me to-day and praised my 'consistent attitude.' I am glad that I have maintained my attitude of aloofness.

An order has been issued by the 'medical director' that all those who have given in must leave their huts and take up quarters in a hut specially prepared for them. By this action it is hoped to remove the weak element and their demoralizing influence from the close neighbourhood of the remaining strikers.

I should object to being domiciled with them, but I hear that the conscientious objectors are not to be removed.

Two priests have been going through the huts visiting the strikers and giving communion to those who had been at confession. L—— and I were sitting on our beds in the corner of the hut near the door when the priest entered. He was robed, and preceded by a youth ringing a little bell. The men who had been standing engaged in conversation went on to their knees. The priest was carrying the chalice and ‘host.’ L—— and I jumped to our feet, however, at the first tinkle of the little bell, and we remained standing, as a mark of disapprobation, until the priest had passed to the end of the hut.

A few months ago the sacraments of the Roman Church were denied to the ‘Catholic’ Republicans who would not promise not to take up arms against the ‘lawfully established Government of the People.’ They, and likewise all Republicans, were dubbed robbers, looters, murderers, plunderers, destroyers, &c. &c. *vide* The Bishops Pastoral of October, 1922. Now, since the issue of De Valera’s ‘proclamation,’ announcing the adhesion of his party to ‘Constitutionalism,’ the black sheep have been washed white and the straying lambs taken back into the fold.

A number of Free State first aid men, accompanied by military police, came through the huts this evening with buckets of tea, and they filled every available mug with the liquid. As with the bread last night, the tea was collected by the Republican ‘medical officers,’ who threw it out into the compound.

The Eighth Day.

The situation remains very much the same. In the dining-hall this morning I noticed one of the men who had been the most vocal supporter of this scheme. On the eve of the ill-starred strike he suggested to one of the leaders that action should have been taken months ago. Now he is looking for bread, regardless of principle or his conception of principle. He asked me had I been removed to the hut where the main body of non-strikers is domiciled.

‘Oh no,’ I replied, ‘I’m a conscientious objector,’ and there was, I’m afraid, asperity in my tones.

I saw one being refused bread to-night. This particular ex-striker came across to one of the tables and asked for a slice of bread, having just come off the strike, but they all shook their heads in silent refusal. With this spirit I cannot agree either. I pitied him then—the dupe of other men’s ambitions!

This evening the Free Staters came through the huts with

buckets of weak tea, but the lads, being informed of their approach, hid all the mugs, with the result that they passed out again without having filled a mug. This rudderless policy or mode of procedure is a very puerile one. It is now becoming a farce.

The Rosary is recited every night by one of the well-fed 'medical officers'—that strength may be given to the strikers. This 'prayerful' M.O. would rather have the material strength, than the spiritual, for himself. I notice that he visits the dining-hall regularly. If one of the men on strike recited the prayers it would not be so incongruous and, yes—farcical.

The Ninth Day.

This morning I heard a tale that amused me vastly. It was told to me by an exempted acquaintance. It appears that when in the dining-hall last week we were segregated from the exempted men, ostensibly for the purpose of arranging the new messes, but in reality, I believe, to show the 'goats' to the 'sheep,' one of the exempted men, having seen us grouped at the end of the hall, said to this acquaintance of mine, 'Oh, they are socialists and that is the reason why they objected to the strike.' What type of mentality is that, I wonder?

The Free Staters repeated the same performance of bringing round the buckets of tea, but the search for mugs was again fruitless.

To date, approximately ninety strikers have given in, and of this number not a single individual, so far as I can discover, has offered any explanation which could be regarded as manly or acceptable. Those who have given in, amongst us, whine about being compelled to surrender through sore throats, and pains in the side; but these are merely flimsy excuses. However, an individual has admitted to me that sheer hunger and fear compelled him to give in. This is by no means a manly confession, but, at least, it possesses the virtue of frankness. Very few are now prepared to die for the paper Republic. At the present moment I know that shame is keeping many of the strikers 'loyal' to the original declaration for release or death. If the leaders were once removed the whole thing would collapse in less than twenty-four hours.

The Tenth Day.

News reached the camp this morning that the strikers in another camp had all given in yesterday. This has created a visible gloom and depression despite the efforts of the 'medical officers' and others to 'pooh-pooh' away the disquieting matter.

It was brought to my notice that last evening's newspaper, which had been sent from the Camp Council's quarters, to a lad in my hut, had a portion of a column deleted. This is rather significant, and it seems that the leaders are endeavouring to hide the truth concerning the situation in other camps from the unfortunate men here.

One has to keep an eagle eye on one's plate, mug, and other utensils, since the prohibition of keeping food in the huts applies to utensils also. They must be kept elsewhere, we are informed. This 'elsewhere' can only be the draughty, seatless, dining-hall. The quondam strikers cast away or otherwise destroyed their plates, mugs, knives, spoons, and forks in the first flush of thoughtless enthusiasm, and now they are without those very necessary things. Pilfering is very common, therefore, and by leaving them in the dining-hall we are very liable to lose utensils.

More than a hundred have now given in, but the majority still continue. The waters of discontent are beating against the sand-stones. Collapse is imminent.

The Eleventh Day.

The general situation remains unchanged, in the main, since yesterday. The waverers are still held back by shame. There is an atmosphere of gloom and depression.

The soldiers came round again this morning with the buckets of tea. The mugs were still missing, however. They went as they came. I received a letter this morning from a friend outside agreeing with my attitude of non-participation after an internment of almost sixteen months duration. Other sentiments expressed in this letter hostile to the whole idea of this belated action were erased by our own 'post office staff,' who examine all correspondence. All my correspondence, in present circumstances, would be examined minutely. My crime is freedom of thought among the 'soldiers of freedom.'

A new discovery was introduced this evening. It has been decided by the medical staff, so-called, that the necessity of the hour demands an innovation; and the result is that we—both strikers and non-strikers—have had a bulletin read out to us for our delectation by the 'medical officer' of the hut. It was stated in this rigmarole that 'we have reason to be proud of the fact that less than a hundred strikers have given in.' It also dealt, or rather pretended to deal, with the position in other centres. There was a plausible and specious 'doctoring' of Press reports. This latest scheme has been initiated for the

purpose of maintaining a fictitious spirit amongst the prisoners. I had to walk out in protest before the tissue of puerilities was read through. Such infamous dope!

The Twelfth Day.

In Cork yesterday a separate agreement was concluded with the Free State Authorities by the strike-leaders there. By the terms of this agreement (*vide* Press report) the prisoners in Cork are to be released in two batches at an interval of three weeks. They did not demand the release of their fellow-prisoners in the other camps. The incident does not manifest the spirit of solidarity.

The Authorities, judging from this Cork Agreement, are beginning to play a canny game. There have been no releases worth speaking of since the strike trouble began, but wherever a few men are released it is hailed as 'a victory.' That is good enough to blind some to the fact that we were being released at the rate of a couple of hundred every week in the past few months. The politicians know only too well that a policy of gradual release was decided upon by the Free State Government; but they must make a callous gamble with the lives of others to enhance their own 'reputations.'

The second issue of the Bulletin was read this morning. It was a summary of Press accounts of the strike, and contained, as a matter of course, the usual lies and half-truths. The reader remarked that it must be regarded as significant when one finds that only the 'subsidized Press' is allowed into the camp at the present time.

A few more came off strike this evening. The 'tea performance' was again repeated by the Free State soldiers.

Apropos the Cork Agreement I have just been reminded that Cork also made a separate agreement with the Imperial Military Authorities at Easter, 1916, when they surrendered their arms without firing a shot. The familiar Billingsgate has departed, and the circumambient 'odour of sanctity' wraps us all in an embrace of quiet.

The Thirteenth Day.

Bulletin number three was delivered unto us this morning. It concerned itself with brief accounts of meetings held in support of the demand for release. One particular meeting in Dublin was described, with great gusto, as having been attended by a crowd carrying banners and placards, and headed by a pipers band. It was stated by the reader that the spirit of the men is indomitable, and that despite the raving of 'the gagged

Press,' the enemy are on the point of surrendering as 'they are well aware that the men mean to have death or release.' However, not one of them has died so far, and any of them who felt—overmuch—the pangs of hunger have sold their 'honour' for a mess of pottage. A few dupes may die; but very, very few are in earnest so far as their slogan of 'release or death' is concerned. As a matter of fact several of those who are still hunger-striking have confessed to me that if the Free State Authorities do not make a conciliatory move by the end of the week they will give in too. 'I don't want to die for Ireland,' is the general cry, varied by, 'I'm no Robert Emmet.'

This evening the 'medical staff' discussed in private the advisability of securing another hut for the reception of the ex-hunger-strikers. The list of 'surrenders' grows bigger. At the present there is one hut in which only six strikers are domiciled. The other 'residents,' forty in all, have given in.

If the Free State Authorities maintain their present uncompromising attitude, victory is theirs. I wish that release would come. I feel so disgusted and impotent, and the routine is miserably monotonous and soul-crushing. One can only read in snatches, and now my sole confidant is the pen.

The Fourteenth Day.

There has been no issue of the Bulletin to-day. The truth cannot any longer be hidden from the men as to the exact state of affairs in our own and other camps. There is a rapidly spreading demoralization. No attention would be given now to the carefully prepared falsehoods as the true position is being made known by 'visitors' to the different huts. More than half of the original number of strikers have given in. This evening finds a depressed, despairing, and questioning minority still on strike.

'Why haven't we been told the truth?' one of the few sincere ones asks now.

I witnessed disgraceful and sickening scenes at the barbed wire entanglements this evening. It was like a mob scene from a melodramatic play. Several hundreds of the quondam strikers, mostly rustics, were gathered in a dense, struggling mass—unwashed, unshaven, and unkempt—begging for the bread and soup which were being distributed to the eager hands by a few Free State medical orderlies. This is a cunningly played game on the part of the Camp Authorities, who have brought the would-be heroes of a fortnight ago to heel like hungry snapping curs.

This scene, repeated several times during the day, was all the more loathsome to one who believed so firmly (it seems long, long ago to a disillusioned mind) in the unimpeachable honour and integrity of the I.R.A. What a lesson it is to see the erstwhile 'soldiers' of the 'Republic' jostling and pushing by the barbed wire, where they whine for a pittance with hungry, gaunt features and grimy paws! What a theme for a cynic! These are the Fianna Fail—the Soldiers of Destiny—the men, noble-souled, and high-principled, of whom we have heard in song and story, who were to lead the 'children of the Gael' from the shame and sordidness of a 'foreign' thralldom to a glorious triumph of Liberty, Honour, and Justice.

The back of the strike has been broken by now, not alone in this camp, but in all the other camps and gaols. The mean, unscrupulous game of the politicians has failed.

The Fifteenth Day.

Early this morning the strike was called off 'in order to prevent a repetition of yesterday's disgraceful scenes, and also to prevent the honour of the army from being further sullied,' the order read out in all the huts stated. As far as I can ascertain the general tone is one of gladness and relief. Had this action of the responsible leaders been delayed much longer the consequence would have been complete and final disintegration of the Sinn Fein groups here. The same thing is taking place in all other hunger-striking centres, and 'the greatest hunger-strike on record' (embracing as it did over eight thousand persons) is a miserable failure. In every round with the Republicans the Free State has won. However, the leaders and their satellites will attempt to explain away this fiasco and seek to convince us that it is a moral victory or that something has been gained.

Well, something *has* been gained! The 'ultra-irreconcilables' and others have gained proof, if they wish to recognize it, that this fighting machine is but a sorry thing, after all. At any rate, it is certain that the dupes will be 'forgiven' so that their services may be obtained again for the would-be-creators of a new order in Ireland.

* * * * *

Five years ago! And now there are those from the dark places whose hearts rejoice in Him who says, 'I am the Light of the world: he that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life.'

Jottings from Jamaica

By PHILIP M. SHERLOCK, B.A.

SINCE Coke, Hammett, and Fish deeply planted Methodism in Jamaica more than a hundred years ago, great changes have taken place. Some of these have perhaps been too sudden, and many primitive practices exist alongside of modern culture. Bobbed hair and the 'Eton crop,' agnosticism and free thinking, and the Charleston are found in close proximity to obeah and belief in evil spirits. Also this progress has been made despite the fact that in many cases the peasant has not developed sufficient urge to lift him above the level of his Gold Coast ancestors. Too often work is 'too much boderation,' and haste a thing not to be thought of. As the proverb says: 'Make haste, get dey (there) to-morrow; tek time, get dey to-day.'

This does not mean, however, that the people are incapable of work or of deeds of endurance. Some of those who are most regular in church attendance come by foot from afar. Many of the market-women who so cheerfully call out, 'Buy something for de missis,' have trudged for many miles, a loaded basket on their heads. Before them they drive their donkeys, those 'short and simple animals of the poor,' heavily burdened with hampers full of yams and other food-stuffs from the field.

One of the most remarkable of these feats of endurance is the race of eighteen miles, most of it uphill, that the same men take part in about three times a week. With a basket full of freshly caught fish on their heads, they run at a steady 'dog-trot' to the inland town some eighteen miles away, where they sell the fish. And this in the tropic sun!

At the same time, life is to be accepted cheerfully and its misfortunes should not be allowed to worry one. This attitude, typical of many, is well illustrated by the tale which a retired Inspector of Police tells.

He visited a remote rural police-station, or 'lock-up' where a prisoner had been detained. He found there only a black boy, who was busily polishing belts and buckles.

'Where is the sergeant?' he asked.

'Him gone out, sah.'

'Where is the policeman?'

'Him gone out too, sah.'

'Is there anybody here, then?'

'Only me, sah. I am de prisoner, sah.' This with an expansive grin.

Love of Cheerfulness and Colour.

One of the first things which the 'stranger within the gates' notices is this ready smile, the flash of the white teeth, and the salutation, 'Howdy, Buckra,' or the more endearing 'Good marnin', me darling.'

This cheerfulness goes well with the prevailing colour and sunshine, which are also reflected in the dress and language of the people. There is a great love for vivid and striking garments, and sometimes for shoes that squeak. These go well on Sundays, when the proud wearer arrives at church late, and struts right up the church to one of the 'chief seats,' the admired of all eyes. Along with this goes the love of 'high falutin' and big words, and the desire to parade one's knowledge (or lack thereof). Even in prayers and public addresses this love for the 'fine phrase' is found. For instance one deacon, at the time when a comet was visible in the sky some years ago, is said to have prayed, 'Some say it am a shootin' 'tar, and some say it am a comet, but I, Thy humble servant, say it am a phenomenon.'

The introduction of Biblical phrases and quotations is common. One class-leader, perhaps with unconscious but fine irony, fervently cried, 'Bless our new minister and cover our defenceless heads,' while another prayed that the parson might be rewarded with 'germs in his crown.'

In Biblical phrase, too, the conductor of a tram-car replied to a woman whom he had, after much haranguing, persuaded to pay her fare. 'Anyway, I mek you cross, though,' she said. 'Well, sister,' he replied, 'you know what de Good Book say? No Cross, no Crown.'

Many of the names used are Biblical, and sometimes proud mothers will search the Bible for the most curious names, so that children stagger through life oppressed with such burdens as Nebuchadnezzar and Abednego. Fortunately they are content not to emulate the fervent puritans of the Commonwealth, who used to employ whole verses for the purposes of nomenclature. Many a Methodist parson can tell of christenings at which he has had to lessen the zeal of fond parents for unusual names like 'Posthumous.' It was difficult to dissuade one woman from calling her child 'Zed' because 'it was the last.'

Some of the proverbs and sayings are distinctly Biblical, reminiscent of the days when the slaves met in secret to worship, and when heroes of the Church like Bleby, or the Wesleyan ministers in St. Ann's Bay, were persecuted by the Church

Unionists. Such a saying as 'Lizard neber plant corn, but him hab plenty,' reminds us of the saying about the fowls of the air, and 'Do men gather grapes of thorns?' is recalled by 'Cushew never bear guava.' Other similar sayings are, 'If you want s'mody to love you, you mus' first love them,' and 'If you don't want leaf fe drop 'pon you, stan' from under the tree.'

Indeed, the Bible is the only book that many of the people have to read, and sometimes at evening, an old man or woman, themselves in the evening of their day, may be seen seated at the door of their little one-roomed cottage, reading aloud from the Book, their finger slowly tracing out the words. Many a humble life enshrines the lessons thus learnt, and affords beautiful examples of simple faith and piety. The humblest peasant is capable of great self-sacrifice and devotion. One old Nana, who had served a white family from early childhood, was still with them when disaster came, bringing grim poverty in its train. She, in her old age, a basket of provisions on her head, trudged the streets of the town trying to sell her wares. She wanted to earn something for the family.

Rabid Religiosity.

Along with this true piety there exists what might be called a rabid religiosity. By nature the people are emotional, good at embarking upon new projects, but also quick to give them up; easily moved to laughter and to tears. Every new wind of doctrine carries some along with it, and as a result there are a bewildering variety of sects and denominations. Every now and then a new 'ism' is imported from the United States, and these compete with a number of home-made products. On a Sunday night in the capital town of the island, there are numbers of street-preachers, each with his group of hearers. These sing some verse or line over and over, clapping their hands in time, and swaying to 'their music' . . . and after this has been kept up for some time the 'preacher' begins. Often the regular swaying and beating of the hands along with the endless repetition induce a sort of trance or intoxicated state. The preacher does not always depend on his rude eloquence, and some years ago there was a well-known character called Higgins, who had a very large following. If any of the audience dared to challenge him, he promptly fell upon the daring one with his fists and, having converted him, took up his theme.

Sometimes these men seriously interfere with the work of the Church, since they either stir up 'colour prejudice' or attack the ministers. A fanatic called Bedward built up a very large

following, until at last he declared that on a certain day himself and the faithful among his flock would be snatched up to heaven. He had a throne prepared for himself, and many of his people sold or gave away their lands and gathered to him. On the appointed day he declared that they would all ascend at noon, and advised his followers to climb the surrounding trees and launch themselves therefrom when the time came. He himself sat, robed in white, upon his throne. Noon came and passed, and the heavens were as brass despite the urgent cries and gesticulations of the prophet. The nett result was that those who had launched themselves from the trees were treated in the hospitals, while the venerable Bedward was put in the lunatic asylum.

As a result of all this the Free Churches generally discourage any appeal to the emotions in their evangelistic campaigns, and a recent mission conducted by our Church in the island, with the help of one of our English evangelists, was characterized by its reasonableness, restraint, and effectiveness.

The Witch Doctor's Influence.

Superstition, too, is common. Like their forbears of the West Coast, most of the peasants believe that the spirits of the dead visit the earth, intent on harming and hurting mankind. These ghosts, or duppies, as they are called, are invisible evil beings. Invisible? Yes, to the unbeliever, but many a traveller returning late from his work in the fields, has been pursued by these malevolent beings. He sees the duppy pursuing him, and takes refuge in flight. If he should be caught, or if the duppy breathes upon him, he gets fever and very often dies. These spirits can assume many shapes, appearing as a black cat, a human being, or even as a huge calf with gleaming eyes of fire and rattling chains of iron. The initiated can tell that these are supernatural, and 'not what they seem,' since his head begins to 'swell' or increase in size, and other curious physiological warnings occur.

There are countless charms against these spirits, ranging from the smell of certain herbs when burnt to the wearing of a garment turned inside-out, from the cross marked in blue on the back of a little child to the dirty rag tied around the leg, and from a heap of stones built up in some special way to the flag blessed by the obeah-man.

For, powerful as these spirits are, they are controlled by the obeah-man or witch-doctor, as he would be called in Africa. Here we come upon the most degrading superstition which exists in

the West Indies . . . that of Obeah. It is amazing how widespread the power of the obeah-man is, and how complete his sway. As one faithful old class-leader said to her minister, after he had been talking with her for some time, ' Well, parson, I really believe in it, and if I say that I don't it would be a lie.' They do not talk about it easily, and the stranger would find it very difficult to learn about obeah, but he should never overlook or under-estimate its power and its degrading effect. Naturally there are impostors who pretend to this occult power. Just recently one was sentenced to imprisonment for robbing a woman of £5 by telling her that her child was not suffering from a cold, but that a ' spirit ' was on him. This spirit could only be removed by a powder that the rascal could sell her. On the other hand, there are certain men, shrewd and cunning, knowing well the psychology of the people, and also equipped with a useful knowledge of herbs and their poisons. These men rule by fear, and their sway can only be broken by the power of that ' perfect love which casteth out fear.'

Education Needed.

In the light of these facts it will be seen that there is a tremendous need for education. There are a large number of elementary schools in existence, and at a time when the Government made no provision for education, or very little, the Churches, ours amongst them, did a great deal to found and maintain these schools. In addition there are a number of well-staffed and well-equipped Secondary Schools, that maintain a very high standard. Methodism has done educational work of outstanding value, and the York Castle School gave to the island some of its present leaders and most influential and useful citizens. Unfortunately this school failed and for a number of years there was no Wesleyan school for higher education.

At long last this has been remedied. In co-operation with the Presbyterians a Secondary School for Girls has been established in Kingston and in two years the number has grown to 120.

Our Church can claim to have played an important part in the progress of the island, and, under God, there is promise of a still greater future for her. There are many grave problems to be faced. Among these is the growing race-consciousness among the 660,000 negroes in the island. This, a valuable thing in itself, must be guided into right channels if there is not to be much bitterness and unrest. The need is for strength, and for a wisdom that cometh not from men.

Thyrsa

Tales of our Village (Second Series)

By Mrs. COULSON KERNAHAN

THE day after the funeral of old Abraham Sammels, which his wife had attended, a young girl, of robust physique, and of pleasing appearance, was seen to descend from the yellow bus from Hastings when it stopped at Hippery's.

She had about her an alertness and assurance which gave the impression that she had spent her life in a big town. She looked (as Larry Jones, the little butcher, put it), 'All there.'

It was to Larry that she spoke when she saw him standing at the gate of Hippery's Tea Gardens.

'Which is the way to Oasis?' she asked him.

'Well, I'm jiggered!' exclaimed Larry, 'you ain't surely wanting to go to that house!'

'If I wasn't I wouldn't be asking the way would I?' the girl spat out almost viciously. She was tired. Also she had gone through a recent parting with her sailor-sweetheart at Tilbury. She was unhappy and inclined to snap.

'Now, now!' said Larry in a tone he meant to be soothing, 'there's no call to get rattled. Do you know that old Sammels was buried to-day? Do you know——'

The girl interrupted him with an excitement but ill-concealed.

'Dead! dead! well, my chap was right—and I ridiculed him. This is awful. How can I get there quick?'

Her chest rose and fell spasmodically. Her olive skin showed all at once a ghastly pallor.

'I must get to Mrs. Sammels quick,' she uttered, in a curious throaty way.

Larry ceased to smile. His voice lost its bantering tone. He saw that the girl was genuinely troubled. He gave a shrill whistle, and beckoned to Jack Barnard who was on the other side of the street.

Jack came across with alacrity. 'What the Sam Hill is the matter?' he demanded of Larry. 'Have you come into a fortune and want me to go shares?'

Then his eyes fell on the tall slim girl, neatly attired, and undoubtedly good-looking. He saw, too, that her eyes were bright with tears—big dark eyes they were, with long black eye-lashes.

'Gee!' he muttered. 'She's "some girl," and she's up against it. It's up to me to help.'

Then he heard Larry's voice saying, 'This young woman wants to get to Oasis quick.'

'What's the matter with my Ford?' asked Jack.

'There you are, miss,' said Larry. 'Jack Barnard will take you over to Oasis in his car.'

'Now I call that real kind,' the girl said in a voice that had now no snap in it. 'I don't want Mrs. Sammels to be all by herself a minute more than I can help. Do you get me?'

'Sure,' answered Jack. 'I'll get the car right away. You've time for a cup of Hippery's tea. You have it. You'll feel better.'

'Come along of me,' said Larry, opening Hippery's gate.

The girl found herself at one of the green tables, with hot tea before her, so soon, that she was bewildered. She had no knowledge of the speed Larry could put on when necessity arose. Larry plied her with cakes, but she shook her head. Orlando came with buttered toast, looking sympathetically at her as he set it before her. Her eyes caught sight of his handless stump—then she made herself eat the toast. Yes, people were kind—some people were very kind.

She was glad of the food. She had eaten nothing all day. Her one thought had been to get to Mrs. Sammels, after what Harry Saunders had said to her. Poor Harry! He had been so upset, thinking that perhaps he had 'set something going he could not stop'—yes, that was what he had said. He had called himself names. Oh! of all the fools, he had been the worst to go and tell his uncle things he felt about that cellar. His uncle and aunt had not been disturbed by anything up to his coming. They were content, and even happy when he came. It was all that abominable superstition sailor-men get afflicted with, that had made him say what he did about that cellar. He had planted fear in the heart of his old uncle. He had not realized it till he got away. He had told Thyrsa Young, his sweetheart, all about it. He had made her promise to give up her job, and go to Oasis to look after the old couple or he would not know a moment's peace on his voyage. He had reminded her that as she had been a waitress in the Sammels eating house at the Borough High Street for three years and that the Sammels were fond of her, she was the one person who could perhaps save the situation. And she was too late.

From what Harry had told her in his agony of realization,

she believed that poor old Sammels had died of fright, and most likely about nothing. But there was dear old Mrs. Sammels. She would never leave her once she reached her. Poor soul! even now she was alone in that old house far away from any one.

With strained eyes Thyrsa watched for the appearance of Barnard's car. How long some moments could be! Who could know what even now might be happening at Oasis?

'Come on, miss! we'll hit the trail right now!' called Jack Barnard from his shabby Ford.

Thyrsa flew along the garden path and sprang into the car beside Jack Barnard.

'Now we'll "go some,"' Jack announced cheerfully to the girl at his side. 'I'm goldarned glad Mrs. Sammels has got someone coming to her that knows her. Lots of folk here would have been ready enough to go to her; but them Sammels weren't out to make friends with none of us. They kept themselves to themselves, and never had a visitor to my knowledge, till a nephew of Mrs. Sammels came for a night—a sailor he was, and a pleasant enough fellow. He talked friendly enough to several of us in the village. Pity he could only stay one night!'

'You are talking of my man, Harry Saunders, mister,' Thyrsa said. 'Him and me will get spliced when he comes back from this voyage. I'd told him times out of number I wouldn't tie myself up, but we'd be friends like—till he was so miserable about something he'd said to his uncle that he thought might upset the old folk. He never thought that way till he was joining his ship at Tilbury. Then it took him like a grip on the throat of him. He begged me to come to his uncle and aunt. I had been a waitress in their eating-house in the Borough High Street for three years. That's where Harry and me met. I was never much for men. I like my freedom, which doesn't say I'm not fond of Harry. I chucked the freedom when he went aboard this time, and I'm going to get married to him when he comes back. I told him that: and here I'll stay till he comes. She'll have me willing enough, Mrs. Sammels will. Her and me were more like mother and daughter than mistress and servant. I cried my eyes out when they left London, and I never knew where they was till Harry told me: and I'm here, and I've chucked my job in the Strand, and I've left lots of my bits at my lodgings—but I don't owe no rent, and my savings are on me, except them in my Post Office Savings-bank. I feel sort of pulled up by the roots; but I'll take root at Oasis all right.'

Jack Barnard, though driving at considerable speed, and carefully 'watching-out' as he called it, still listened to the girl with a genuine interest. He felt that she was honest, and of a warm heart. He wondered if he might ask her what her Harry had said which he thought might upset the old couple. Jack wanted to help—but how could he in the dark? Thyrsa saved him the trouble. Jack Barnard realized that this girl was one to be treated squarely.

'You may think, mister, that I talk pretty free to a stranger, but I'd have you know it is not my way. I'm no fool, and I can see you are a sort to be trusted, and I want to get a lot off my chest before I see Mrs. Sammels. Tell me, is there anything queer about a cellar at Oasis? Harry told me he said to his uncle when he took him down there, that there was something evil in it. He thought when he got away, that perhaps what he had said would scare the old folks. He said sailors were all believers in ghosts and such-like, and he was that sorry he'd not kept his thoughts about that cellar to himself.'

'About that cellar, young woman, there sure is a queer tale. Long ago—a hundred years for all I know—a man was either murdered in that cellar, or committed suicide there. Folks in our village won't go near Oasis after dark; but the Sammels have lived, as it seems, comfortable there for years. To my mind such fool-things as ghosts make me tired! Sailors, I know, get bit with the notion that folks haunt places when they are dead. To my mind folk's own brains play tricks with them, and they think they see and hear what has no existence outside their imagination. All the same, Mr. Sammels died sudden in that cellar, and at the inquest it was said that the man must have had a fright that stopped his heart.'

Thyrsa turned a strained, pallid face towards Jack Barnard.

'And what do you believe?' she asked.

'I believe that your young man planted fear in old Sammels, and that some perfectly natural sight or sound was mistaken by him for something supernatural and his heart stopped through fear. I once heard of a man who died at sight of a stuffed snake which someone, for a practical joke, had placed under his bed. That was a wicked thing to do. Your future husband innocently alarmed his uncle. He was in no way to blame really. You may take it from me that there is nothing worse than rats in that cellar.'

'Harry will be broken-hearted,' said Thyrsa with a catch in her voice.

'You can cure that,' pronounced Barnard. 'You tell him that if he had *meant* to alarm his old uncle and had known just what he was doing, then he could be broken-hearted, but that as he had not even a glimmer of a thought that his impulsive words could cause disaster, he cannot blame himself justly. Here we are. There is Oasis among those pines. I'll set you down here. You've but a few yards to go.'

He got out of the car and helped the girl to descend. He noted how her hand shook and trembled, this decided him to walk up to the house with her. The blinds were all down, though the funeral was over. The place looked grim and forbidding, Jack thought. He made a step forward to pull the bell-chain at the massive front-door. She followed swiftly, and caught Jack's arm. 'No,' she voiced hoarsely, 'don't you do that! My boy told me they never use that door. We'll have to go round to the back he told me, where the grand stables are.'

The girl's eyes moved swiftly, anxiously in all directions. 'No nice garden nor nothing,' she said to Jack; 'nothing but them pines; I don't fancy pines. I'm glad I come no more for that,' she gulped the last words as if tears were not far off. 'Give me London streets, with lights and noise and smells—yes, every time!' she added with a rising inflection in her voice. 'I've no sort of use for lonely country places.' Then she repeated the words she had already used, 'I'm glad I've come no more for that.'

Jack Barnard understood. Within that grey old house a desolate woman was in the grip of abysmal loneliness. This girl, who had been once in this woman's service, and had grown to love her, was glad to sacrifice herself thus: but there could be no doubt in Jack's mind that the London born-and-bred girl was even afraid of this, to her, desolation.

As they turned round into the stable-yard Jack called a halt. 'Look here, miss,' he said slowly and very distinctly to make sure that his words would penetrate her palpably-agitated brain, 'I'll not show myself to Mrs. Sammels, as she doesn't want strangers round, but I'll come back to-night when I've been home to fix things, and I'll slip into the stable, and sleep there for to-night, so that if you get scared you can call me. If you you don't, well I shall hit the home trail at daybreak. It won't hurt me any. I've passed many a night in a stable in Canada.'

'My boy'll thank you good and plenty when he comes home,' she said frankly, 'and I shan't be scared if I know you are in the stable. I ain't used to country. I'm fair scared of it.'

The pony whinnied as their steps sounded on the brick-paved yard. 'I'll have a look in there,' said Jack, 'and see if the poor beast has plenty of food. That poor woman may have forgot him, being so upset. There's the back door. You knock.'

Jack entered the stable without another word and closed the door. Then he started. Someone was in the horse-box by the pony. The light was dim, for the windows were heavily curtained by dirt and cobwebs. He strode into the horse-box, ready to tackle any ruffian who could be such a dastard as to try to steal this widow's pony. Then he saw what caused a curious tightness to come into his throat.

There, in her black garments, the widow stood, her two arms round the pony's neck, her face buried in his mane. She was quite unconscious of Jack's entrance. She was talking little above a whisper to the pony, who whinnied as if in answer.

To Jack this was pitiful in the extreme. Also, he was mortally afraid of his presence being suddenly discovered and causing the poor woman alarm. He moved like a shadow into the adjoining horse-box to try to formulate his best course of action. Then, to his relief, his problem was solved by the entrance of Thyrsa. 'I say, mister! I can't nohow make her hear. You come and have a try.'

There followed on this something Jack could never afterwards think of clearly. Everything happened with such rapidity. The widow heard Thyrsa's voice and flew towards her.

For what to Jack seemed ages these two women—the one young, the other well-stricken in years—were folded in each other's arms. They spoke brokenly to each other intermittently at first. Vaguely Jack heard parts of their utterances. Afterwards he heard clearly.

'I was wishing for you, Thyrsa, more nor anybody,' came in the widow's quavering voice. 'You were like a daughter to me when you worked for me in the Borough High Street. Many's the time I've thought of you, but never like to-day—my man gone, and Harry at sea—and me with no one but the pony, and I'm an old women, Thyrsa, and old folks don't make new friends easy like. They are kind folk in the village; but somehow I don't belong. I know lots would have come to help me if I'd not been so standoffish. You know me, Thyrsa. You know me and my Abra'm—we kept to ourselves, didn't we, always? Old dogs can't learn new tricks. But what brought you, Thyrsa?'

'A man called Jack Barnard brought me,' she answered. 'He brought me in his Ford so I'd reach you quick.'

'Him as has a tripe shop?' said the widow. 'My man said this Jack Barnard was a good man. He heard about him in Hastings. Oh, my man! How can I bear life without him! Him and me never had a wrong word. Something give him a fright in the cellar, Thyrsa, and it stopped his heart. Don't you leave me, Thyrsa, now you've come. I'll look to it you want for nothing. There's plenty for Harry if you get some—you remember Harry? I once thought he was gone on you, Thyrsa: but seems I was wrong. He's been here to see us—a dear boy. His uncle thought the world of him.'

'I saw Harry off at Tilbury,' said Thyrsa. 'We've been pals a good bit. Before he went on board we made it up to get spliced when he comes back. It was him as told me to come to you, and he didn't know nothing about poor uncle going off like he did. So I've come. I've chucked my job in a restaurant and I'm going to stop with you. I'm your's for keeps, Mrs. Sammels.'

Jack Barnard in the next horse-box felt growingly uneasy. He felt that he ought not to be hearing this intimate talk, which might at any moment become more intimate. But he did not dare to startle the old woman by making his presence known. Once again, Thyrsa saved the situation.

'Mr. Barnard is going to sleep in the stable to-night, Mrs. Sammels, so as to be handy if we want anything. He's a bloke you can trust—take that from me. I wasn't born yesterday.'

'I believe you, my girl,' answered Mrs. Sammels, 'after what my man heard about him—and this first night here after my dear man's took away I'd be real glad to have him near. He could sleep in the kitchen same as Harry did when he came. My man and me was going to buy furniture to furnish a bedroom for Harry, when—when it happened.'

'Mrs. Sammels, would you like a word with Mr. Barnard? He's not gone yet. He came in here to see if the pony was fed. I came in to tell him I couldn't make you here. He's somewhere in here. It's a big place, isn't it—looks like fine livery stables.'

'Yes, I'd like to see him,' Mrs. Sammels affirmed stoutly. 'It'd do me good to see a man—a good man—about the place.'

'Mr. Barnard!' shouted Thyrsa.

'I'm sure here!' came in Jack's voice, which preceded him about two seconds.

The widow's eyes rested for a moment on the frank smiling face of the Canadian, and all barriers were broken down. She extended her hand to him which he took warmly between his two big palms.

'I'm sure glad and proud to be a bit of use to you, Mrs. Sammels,' he told her heartily. 'I'll go back home, and fix things so that someone stays in the house with my old mother and father. That's dead easy. I've got my car and I'll come over when I've served my tripe-and-onion suppers' to my customers. Don't you have your supper till I come for I'll bring you a nice one of tripe-and-onions—all hot. Then to-night I'll sleep in your kitchen, and before I go in the morning I'll do a few chores—do you get me?—feed the pony, light the fire, and draw the water from the well, and the like. Don't you worry any—you see, I heard—I couldn't help it—what you said. Just you say to yourself, "here's a son turned up I didn't expect," and order me round.'

* * * * *

That evening, in the white-tiled kitchen, where a bright fire of logs burned, the two women and the Canadian sat at the table where Harry had so recently eaten his ham-and-eggs supper, and ate the delectable food Jack had brought; Jack entertaining them all the while with amusing stories of Canadian life.

So it was that when Thyrsa and the old lady retired for the night, Mrs. Sammels had on her face a look of peace. 'God sent you and Thyrsa,' she said as she held Jack's hand before she went. 'And I'm thinking my man knows and is glad.'

Jack kept the lamp burning in the kitchen all night. He wanted to be ready if anything were wanted. He felt very wide awake and had a notion that he would examine the cellar with his torch when the women were asleep. He had an idea about that cellar. These two unsuspecting old Londoners, who had lived for years at Oasis, could never have even dreamed that there could be others using that cellar—others not at all supernatural. The idea had come to Jack instantly when he was turning his car that evening near the side of the house which had no door. His near back-wheel suddenly caught in something. He had to get out and lift it. He saw that there was a big slab of stone with a ring in it. Looking more closely he made up his mind that there was a place under the cellar—a second cellar in fact, approached from outside—possibly from inside the other cellar too. He had raised the stone by the ring, with,

to him, astonishing ease, and a flight of steps had confirmed his suspicion. That this slab of stone moved so easily proved that it had been in very recent use.

It must have been close on two o'clock in the morning, Jack concluded afterwards (he had not noted the time in his excitement) when he heard a curious subterranean sound. He had changed his heavy boots for felt slippers before supper. Now he took his powerful flashlight in his hand, and softly opened the door leading to the cellar. He quietly descended the steps. Yes, there were curious sounds underneath the floor.

Quietly, very quietly, he began a systematic examination of the bins. One, only one, was locked (that contained the precious silver teapot!). The third he examined struck him as in some way a fake. In a general way it was like the other bins, but, leaning over it, he noted that the sounds which he had before heard as muffled, were now much more distinct. Carefully he felt round the bottom with deft fingers. Then, feeling a small projecting object he flashed his light on to it. Yes, as he surmised, this was a spring, pressure on which would lift the bottom of the bin. He waited and listened intently. All was silent. He still waited. A faint sound from *outside*; then silence. He pressed the spring, and the bottom of the bin rose, revealing a short flight of steps into another cellar. Cautiously he descended, carrying his torch.

He found himself in another vast cellar, supported by pillars, as was the one above. But round this cellar were no bins. There were, however, kegs all round—heavy kegs. Jack tried to move one. While he was making this attempt his eye caught a thin spiral of smoke which rose from beside it—the smoke from the stump of a cigarette! Someone had been smoking here very recently indeed!

Now Jack knew. It was clear that this old house, which for so many years had been uninhabited, had been used by smugglers. Since it had become inhabited they had been by slow degrees removing their secreted goods. No doubt, on the morning in which poor old Sammels had died of fright, one of them, believing the house to be left, had emerged through the bin to raid the larder; and this, together with Harry's superstitious suggestions, had caused the old man's death.

Next day Jack opened the various kegs, to discover brandy, tobacco, and silk in abundance.

Some people said it was amazing that a place so far inland

should be used for smuggling, but wiseacres only smiled. It was so safe they said. The house was so lonely, and was suspected of being haunted. Also, there was a good road nearly all the way to the coast, though it was grass-grown and never used by ordinary folk. Why should they use it? It only led to a little cove with no attractions, and no beach even at low tide. The road had been made by smugglers for smuggling. It passed over land of no use to any one.

So Jack cleared up a mystery. But to his sorrow, he never got track of the smugglers. No one did. There are still plenty of smugglers on the Sussex coast, but they now employ more subtle methods.

But one outcome of this adventure was that Mrs. Sammels ceased to be a recluse. Not only was Jack Barnard a welcome visitor, but after Harry came back, and was married to Thyrsa, there was a friendly relation established between Oasis and all the village.

At this moment the kegs of brandy and tobacco and silk are still in that sub-cellar and there is a discussion on as to whether it would be legal to sell them and give the proceeds to charity.

December

By ARTHUR H. THIRLBY

Tell me why does the sun ever cease to shine,
And the moss-rose cease to bloom?
Tell me why through the woof and the web of life,
There should come a thread of gloom?

Tell me why does the landscape with heathered turf,
Give place to the mantling snow?
And why does a mirth-filled peaceful life,
Just a tinge of sorrow know?

Should the birds always sing, and the summer-time cling,
With its scent of new-mown hay,
We should then miss the joys and the family ties,
Round the log-fire on Christmas day.

But there's peace in the swallow's sapphire gleam,
O'er the fields of ripened corn;
In the crimson and gold of the autumn leaves,
And the frost on a winter's morn.

For there's Someone who peeps through the azure blue,
Who descries our needs each day,
Since He made both the light of the sunset flush,
And the cloud of sombre grey.

Music and Literature

By JAMES T. LIGHTWOOD

III. SHAKESPEARE (4)

Church Music.

SHAKESPEARE flourished at a period when there were great changes in progress in the services and the music of the English Church. When those Protestants who had been living in exile at Geneva during Mary's reign returned to England there was a decided movement towards the abolition of all ecclesiastical ceremonies. An outcry was raised against 'playing upon organs, curious singing, and tossing about the psalms from side to side.' In 1571 a 'Confession' was published in which it was announced that 'concerning the singing of psalms we allow of the people's joining with one voice in a plain tune, but not of tossing the psalms from one side to the other with intermingling of organs.' A few years later further protests were made against 'the squeaking of chanting choristers disguised in white surplices.'

The new regulations met with general approval in most quarters, and the music of the church seemed a very simple form. Most of the organs were silenced, anthems were no longer heard, and the only music recognized was the singing of the metrical psalms.

Psalm-Singing.

Thus one result of the Reformation was to give the common people a right to take a share in the service, and their opportunity came when the custom of singing psalms was introduced into this country at the beginning of Elizabeth's reign. It is recorded by the old historian Strype that it became the habit, after the sermon was done, for the people to sing a psalm in metre, 'the custom having been brought in from abroad by the exiles.' He is referring to the year 1559, and three years later appeared the complete edition of the Sternhold and Hopkins' *Psalter*, which became the final and standard form of the 'Old Version,' and from which all subsequent editions were taken. But although no change was made in the words, it was not likely that musicians of those days would rest content with the 'proper' musical settings, any more than do their descendants of the present day, and the making of new psalm-tunes soon began, with the result that psalters bearing the names of Damon, Este, and Allison, to mention only a few, all appeared

while Shakespeare was living in London. It is perhaps somewhat remarkable that nowhere does he make any reference to any of the great musicians of his time, but probably he was quite unacquainted with them, and it is equally likely that their fame did not extend beyond their own immediate circles.

As psalm-singing undoubtedly flourished throughout Elizabeth's reign, and formed a notable feature in the religious life of the common people, it is strange to find so few references to it in Shakespeare's plays; in fact, one is inclined to wonder whether the immortal poet ever went to church, though this is a question that need not concern us. We may at least credit him with the knowledge of the 'Old Hundredth,' for in the *Merry Wives of Windsor* he makes Mrs. Ford say of Falstaff that his disposition and his words 'do no more adhere and keep pace together than the Hundredth Psalm to the tune of "Greensleeves."' This leads one to think that had Shakespeare been alive now he would have made a judicious editor of a church hymnal; at any rate, he would not, we imagine, have been guilty of the faults of many modern editors, who have committed sins quite as grievous as adapting 'Greensleeves' to the Hundredth Psalm.

Anthems.

The only reference that Shakespeare makes to anthems occurs in the second part of *Henry IV*, where Falstaff explains to the Lord Chief Justice that he has lost his voice 'with halloing and singing of anthems,' though one would not take the full-bodied knight to be a member of a choir, or even a church-goer. The only occasion, as far as I know, when the dramatist ever refers to a chorister was when he compared Prince Hal's father to 'a singing man of Windsor,' for which insult he promptly got a crack on the head from the indignant prince.

It has from time immemorial been the custom to include the *Te Deum* in the music given on state occasions or at times of national rejoicing, a fact that Shakespeare seems to have been well aware of, and, relying on the historian Holinshed he causes Henry V to order that '*Non nobis* and *Te Deum*' shall be sung in thanksgiving for the victory at Agincourt. The hymn was also sung at the coronation of Anne Boleyn (*Henry VIII*, iv. 1) in Westminster Abbey, when, after the archbishop had 'laid nobly on her' the various emblems of her new dignity

the choir,

With all the choicest music of the kingdom,
Together sung *Te Deum*.

The Gamut.

It was the custom in those days to include in the music edition of the *Psalter* a short 'Introduction to the Science of Musicke,' wherein the compiler set forth 'an easy and most plain way and rule of the order of the notes and keys of singing, which commonly is called the scale of musicke or the Gamma ut.' This was a term with which Shakespeare was well acquainted. In *The Taming of the Shrew* we read how Hortensio, disguised as a music teacher, is about to give Bianca a lesson, and explains to her that he must begin with the rudiments of the art, and teach her the gamut, whereupon she exclaims: 'Why, I am past my gamut long ago,' while the next few lines (Act III, Sc. 1) disclose the fact that Shakespeare had a ready knowledge of the gamut syllables, or, as we now call it, 'Sol-fa-ing,' which he may have derived from a perusal of his psalm-book, for the syllables were printed in several of the editions of the Old Version. He makes use of them with singular appropriateness, as for instance in *Love's Labour's Lost* (IV. 2) where Holsfernes hums the notes of the musical scale or gamut—ut, re, sol, la, mi, fa to denote his impatience whilst a letter is being read to him. There is no clearer proof of Shakespeare's proficiency in music than the clever way in which he adapts to his purpose the signification of the sol-fa syllables.

Hymns.

Hymns of any kind were unknown in Shakespeare's times, at any rate as regards their use in church. We may assume, therefore, that where he uses the word, it is only in a very general sense. Probably he had hymns addressed to the Deity in view when he makes Theseus warn Hermia that if she does not carry out his wishes she must 'endure the livery of a nun,' and spend the rest of her life in a cloister, chanting faint hymns.

So also Titania, in the same play (*Midsummer Night's Dream*) describes the blight that Oberon has brought on the land, with the result that amongst other disasters

No night is now with hymn or carol blest.

The chief dramatic interest of *Much Ado About Nothing* centres in Don Juan's attempt to sully the fair fame of the beautiful and irreproachable Hero, daughter of Leonato, Governor of Messina. She is believed to have died of grief and shame, and during the funeral rites around the supposed tomb Claudia calls on the mourners to sing their 'solemn hymn,' which proves to be anything but a hymn in the sense we use it to-day, being a song to the 'goddess of the night.'

Rustic Music.

Shakespeare's knowledge of the music of the countryside was not limited to the songs of wandering minstrels and pedlars like Autolycus. When Bottom, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, has become temporarily changed into an ass, we find that there is no difficulty in suggesting music suitable to the event. Titania asks :

What, wilt thou hear some music, my sweet lord?

and Bottom replies :

I have a reasonable good ear in music: let us have the tongs and the bones.

In the folio edition of the play a stage direction follows : ' Musicke Tongs, Rurall Musicke '—which was a very suitable selection for an ' Athenian swain ' of Bottom's degree. His choice is soon followed by country music of a very different kind which comes in a wonderful description of the music of the hunt when the king and queen go to the mountain top,

And mark the musical confusion
Of hounds and echo in conjunction.

A well-known critic has declared that the subsequent lines, descriptive of the hunt, ' show Shakespeare's magic art in flooding his verse with beauty of sound as well as of colour ' (Cowden Clarke).

Nature.

The music of nature charmed the poet quite as much as that made by human beings. He hears the songs that come from the fields, from the air, from all around him. The ' chattering pies ' make ' dismal discords ' in their attempts to sing, while the ' raven's note,' too, is but a ' dismal tune,' so different to the other birds, who ' chant melody on every bush.' Even the humbler songsters find a place in Shakespeare's orchestra :

Poor harmless fly!
That with thy pretty buzzing melody
Came here to make us merry.

So also the bumble bee ' full merrily doth sing.' And from these lowly creatures a touch of the master's hand brings us to the music of the spheres and ' that celestial harmony we go to ':

Which the fingers of the powers above do tune.

Then he ranges still higher, and shows us that while the music of God's messengers is not forgotten, we hear its echo in the words that Horatio utters over Hamlet :

Good night, sweet prince,
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!

Leaves from my Portfolio

By GABRIELLE GARTH

XII. IS THERE AN END?

CHICKABIDDY asked me the question, 'Is there an end, Aunt Gabrielle?' and I gave in answer an emphatic 'No!' You see, the child had heard one of her dear old grandmother's neighbours make the remark, 'This is the end,' when we all stood by the wooden bed where lay the body of the old grandmother, still, in what we call death.

Looking at the serene old face, from which the wrinkles had magically disappeared, I seemed to see a beginning—not an end.

'To think of her lying still like that,' said the neighbour who had spoken of this being the end. 'I mind the time when she helped to launch the lifeboat. I've seen her near up to the neck in water, a-pushing and a-tugging. I've seen her behave wonderful to half-drowned sailors, so I have! A good soul if ever there was one, and at the last for ever saying, "Thank God my little Chickabiddy won't never go to the workhouse!"'

'What is the workhouse, Aunt Gabrielle?' asked Chickabiddy, looking up into my face in her eager, tense way.

'Another time, dear,' I said with that finality of tone the child had come to understand so well. She knew that this meant a deferred answer to her question. She always accepted my decisions. She always trusted me. She little knew how this trust of her's stimulated me to try to be the thing she believed me to be! I had got to live up to Chickabiddy's opinion of me, and—believe me—it wanted some living up to!

This sympathetic neighbour went on talking. I heard her, but my thoughts were following the flight of that pure, unselfish soul. I seemed to see her reunited to that son whom the sea had torn from her—the father of my little Chickabiddy.

'She said to me at the end,' droned the neighbour, 'I'd like the lady to pick out something belonging to me to remember me by. I ain't got nothing as counts, but maybe she'd like the clock that was my grandmother's. My little Chickabiddy I want to have the brooch her daddy brought me from foreign parts; and she said she'd like her other bits of sticks divided up between us as have been her friends; but miss, we're following close on her heels, we old friends of her's, there are not so many of us left, us as knew her and her's days gone by. We've all got to end, and for some of us it won't be long.'

Till this moment my mind had been concentrated on the calm contented face, so dignified in its stillness, as it lay upon the coarse white pillow, which looked so very white against the contrast of the multi-coloured patchwork quilt, which many washings had faded into a general drabness.

Now I turned my eyes on the neighbour with some real interest. I saw a very grey-haired woman, whose thin face was heavily-lined. I saw that she was clean and tidy, though her garments were patched. I saw that her hands were work-worn, and that she was ill-shod.

'What would you like that was hers?' I asked. 'You see she told me to dispose of her belongings.'

'Oh, miss, I'd like the fishing-net she was working on when she died,' answered the neighbour.

Then I was quite sure of the woman. 'What is your name?' I asked.

'Meg Tregedder,' she answered. 'Well, Meg, you shall have the net: and as your dear old friend has gone to a beautiful home out of sight of us, you must let little Chickabiddy and myself come to see you as we came to see her. You must be kind to me as she was, and let me add little comforts to your life. Now don't interrupt me, and don't dishearten me. I have found that it is I who am the gainer when I help others. To-morrow we shall all follow this dear good woman to the grave. She will not be in that grave; only her poor body will lie there. She will be in a new splendid life, gained by her heroic life here. *There is no end*: but there is the "going-on" we all must do. From now I want you to let me and Chickabiddy come to see you and look after you as we looked after her.'

Meg Tregedder's eyes were first filled with amazement, and then with tears.

'Well now, miss,' she said in a stifled voice, 'I'm that glad—that taken aback. Her as lies there was, I thought, my last good friend took away. Seems as if God has raised me up another!'

I repeated gently, '*There is no end*, Meg Tregedder. This life is only a beginning; but I shall gain a lot of happiness in this life now I can be allowed to be a bit of comfort to you.'

So, one after another has come into my life to be a comfort to me. I have come to the conclusion that the greatest comfort in life is to be allowed the privilege of being even a little comfort to others! My sister, Dorothea, and my brother-in-law Anselm, may think that I am a crank, and that I act on sudden impulses,

but I know that I have found a way to a real happiness. It is other people who count—not ourselves. What, after all, do I matter? Possibly Dorothea and Anselm think I have missed something in life because I have never married. I don't think I have missed anything. I have had a heart at leisure to help and sympathize. I have reaped harvests which are rich, while my poor sowings have never deserved them. I have my little Chickabiddy with her winsome ways. I have my work. I keep finding others to care for. What more can I want?

And underlying all my ponderings on the sorrows of others—and it may be some of my own—there is always an assurance that stands out clear, however murky the sky may be for the moment, that *this life is only a beginning. There is no end.*

My poor little drawings of a summer landscape may fade, or suffer destruction, but the landscape remains. That blue sky, I painted yesterday, will recur through the years, though my little record of such a sky will be lost. The eternal things are those which matter.

When little Chickabiddy's grandmother was laid to rest, I somehow felt that I might well take advantage of this day's chance of adding some comforts to poor old Meg's cottage. I was glad of the diversion, for although I had tried to strike a hopeful note when talking to old Meg, I was sad at heart, thinking that I should see that brave-hearted loving woman no more before the white-washed cottage, labouring cheerfully at her fishing-nets.

Then I remembered suddenly two quotations in a book my brother-in-law Anselm had given me. One was from George Eliot, and ran, 'Death is the only physician, the shadow of his valley the only journeying that will cure us of age and the gathering fatigue of years.'

The other quotation was from Coleridge. 'Death but supplies the oil for the inextinguishable lamp of life.'

TO BE, OR NOT TO BE?

To be, or not to be? we wonder which is best.
To be, whate'er it be, is surely to be blest;
 And *not to be*, whate'er it be in nothing is unblest,
 If we accept the loving choice of Him who knoweth best.

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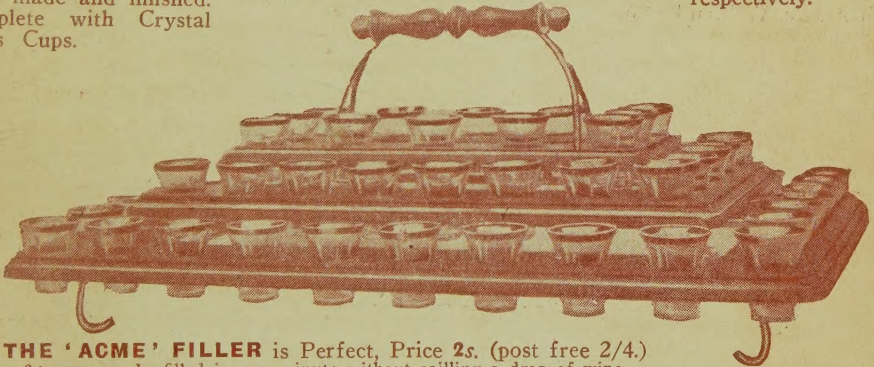
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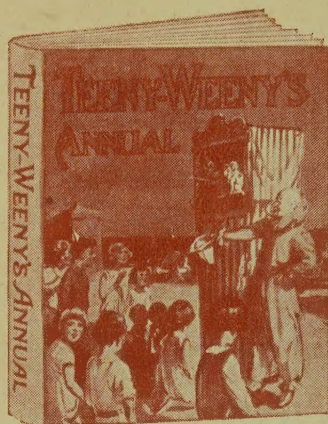
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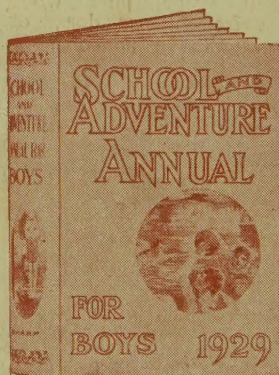
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